notice the events to which we have alluded.

A great scandal has been disturbing the public mind, and the friends of sound morality feel that the exposure of the offence and the punishment of the offenders are very weak barriers against future assault. If the cause exists, if the inclination to do and to receive that which produces the scandal abounds, the detection and punishment are of only temporary effect.

Those who look back to exciting movements in the city of New York four or five years ago, and to the extension of the wave of agitation into other parts of the country, which seem to echo all that is disturbing in the American metropolis, will see how easy it is to connect the scandals of this year with the movements of those times. Nay, how evidently all these scandals are the natural fruits of those occurrences.

Spiritualism and the miserable branches of that shameful deception, "Free Love," and the half-restrained indulgencies that are connected with that abomination, "Liberal Christianity," and the abuses that result from that heresy, are among the proximate causes of what religion and morals have been called to suffer; and while it is not pretended that *all* those who may have suffered most by the impoisonment of public opinion have most distinctly participated in all the promulgations of the doctrines or shared in the abominations to which those doctrines lead, yet it cannot be denied that the public mind has been so debauched, that men of learning, position, and popular talents have been appealed to to sustain the doctrine, by argument or endurance, and have suffered to an extent that reaches beyond individuals into societies, and, if not to the extent of poisoning general public opinion, at least to the dilution of that spirit of morality that is necessary to political existence.

Above we have said that the bad doctrines of certain persons have led to abominable practices. We might, without exaggeration, extend that idea, and say, that the general promulgation of the doctrines has been the result of private practice of the errors, and the offenders have formulated a creed that will justify their acts. In that lies a part of the secret of success. Thousands who err feel that their acts are offensive to the laws of morality, but they trust with grateful feelings to the talented and the learned, who can show that the indulgence which they loved is not only consistent with propriety, but is a right of their own and a duty to others.

Until the advent among us of Fanny Wright and one other, the idea that the bands of matrimony were to be dissolved at the pleasure and for the pleasure of the parties was scarcely known, never publicly promulged; yet the success that followed their mission of vice shows not only their power of argument and the ignorance that prevailed among people as to the nature of the marital relation, but also and especially an extent of the vitiation of the principle of domestic life: they were ready to receive and practice the new commandment, which seemed to abrogate the old law, that a man should leave father and mother and cleave to the wife, and substitute therefor a rule that a man should leave his wife and cleave to his mistresses. Now, taking this cited example and connecting it with the scandal in Brooklyn, we find how dangerous is a bad doctrine, especially if ably espoused.

But it is said, and often urged as a triumphant argument, that, closely viewed, society fifty years ago exhibited a vast number of instances of marital infidelity on

both sides, and that what is done now is not much worse than were the practices of other times, while the present customs have at least the negative credit of freedom from hypocrisy and deceit.

We are not prepared now to say that there is not some truth in the above semblance of argument. We agree that bad practices are imputable to the past generation, but we are not prepared to say that the vices of the present day are more excusable because they prevail without attempt to conceal them, without that homage which it is said vice pays to virtue, by the very hypocrisy with which it attempts to hide its deformity. We are ready to bear testimony against the impurities that are discoverable in the society of other times, and to agree that they deserve the deep condemnation of the virtuous. But we wish to distinguish between the character of the vice of those times and the same offence of the present day.

We must distinguish between a bad act which the performer would hide, though he would repeat it, and a bad deed which the actor would legitimatize by public argument and labored defence.

He who persists in doing that which is contrary to the laws of the country, or of what is admitted as the law of sound morality, certainly commits a grave offence. He injures individuals in their rights, he disturbs public order, and he places himself in a dangerous position as regards the penalty. But, while it is admitted that his acts are bad examples, yet they are not greatly operative, because law and public sentiment are against them; and while they shock contemporaries, they exercise little influence on the coming race.

But he who promulges a doctrine that not only excuses crime, but declares crime to be consistent with individual peace—promotive of personal comfort and ministrant to social happiness—is worse than a traitor to this generation, and a felon as it regards the coming age.

Crimes, bad *deeds*, are evils to be condemned and punished. A false *doctrine*, with regard to social or domestic relations, is a curse that is felt at once, and threatens extensive and increasing evil consequences.

We do not deny that some men, distinguished by their political, social, and even religious positions, have been found violating the commandment that enjoins purity of life. Such persons, while what they were and what they did of good may have been duly honored, suffered a diminution of respect so far as their error was known, and they felt the error and mourned it; at least, mourned the consequences to themselves.

But we are now called upon to contemplate actors who publicly practice what is condemned in preceding years, and have neither compunction for their act nor mortification at the exposure of their proceedings; and they have created a social criterion that has no condemnation for their proceedings; and they have spread abroad a doctrine that satisfies one class that the passions must be gratified, and leads another class, if not to approve, at least not to condemn a *creed* that is so consistent with human wishes, and in which so many may find their way out of one great misfortune into several of larger dimensions.

The bad acts, the immoral habits of some to whom we have alluded, are less injurious than are the openly proclaimed theories, the widely promulgated doctrines, that have led to the great evil that now disturbs society. The vicious man condemns the very vice he practices, and his attempts at concealment is a testimony against the deed, which in part prevents injury

therefrom, while the fault that springs from a wrong conviction, and is sustained by early instruction, is certain to be augmented in the individual and to multiply in the community.

Bad doctrines are far more dangerous than bad deeds. In his acts Julian the Apostate was a better man than Constantine, but Julian's good deeds affected only his own circle and age. The bad deeds of Constantine were inoperative in their example beyond his own time, while the great Christian doctrines which he favored and assisted to promulgate permeated society and influenced for good all succeeding generations. It is not necessary to inquire what would have been the condition of the world had the apostasy of Julian served to subvert entirely the doctrine which Constantine embraced.*

We are contemplating, at present, a state of things that owes its existence far less to the evil practices which we condemn than to the promulgation of doctrines that excuse, authorize, promote, and perpetuate what, though it be now a scandal, may soon, from its extent, be tolerated and approved.

The promulgation of the moral heresy through the press and from the rostrum first seemed to be received with a sort of permission that implied the probability that its fallacious doctrines needed only the light to insure condemnation. But, unfortunately, there were so many whose practices were so inconsistent with Christian morality, that they gladly adopted a doctrine which, if it did not place them in the right, served marvellously to justify to themselves the wrong, and so to increase the number of open professors of the creed, that there should be less necessity for concealing the practice. Vice loves companionship, and the more there are to adopt a certain course, the less is the difficulty of pursuing it.

There is in every human being a disposition to err. Some, by favorable circumstances and religious education, escape important aberration from the line of rectitude, but all seem disposed to listen to suggestions that *may* lead to great evil, especially when those suggestions are apposite to their peculiar circumstances. But all do not embrace, though, by their endurance, they facilitate the progress of, the bad doctrine which they do not mean to adopt.

More than fifty years ago, men and women preached the doctrine touching the sanctity of the marriage contract, which is now developed into the creed and practice of free love. Thousands before, of both sexes, had violated their marriage contract, and were condemned by nearly all, less, perhaps, by public outcry than by that suppressed tone of recognition which is the quiet, efficient condemnation which virtue passes on vice. The evils continued and increased with the increased population, but it was only when there arose those who openly propounded, advocated, and justified the wrong, that it was found that the doctrine had fixed the practice, and had worked out in those who knew and ought to have done better, a development of what must destroy the peace of a family, that unit of society, and by the destruction of the peace of the unit, the whole sum of social happiness must be jeoparded.

At the present moment the polygamy of the Mormons is bringing the morals of Utah into a bad repute, and calling for national interference. There is a law

* The illustration of the idea, perhaps the idea itself, is certainly expressed, and perhaps bitterly expressed, by some other writer. Who, it is not recollected, but it certainly sounds like Bulwer, who was fond of illustrations that showed extensive reading, and none of the writers of the present generation have been able to enrich their pages and illustrate their views from ancient authors with the success that is manifested by Lord Lytton.

of Congress, indeed, which declares ineligible to the place of delegate to the national legislature any man who practices polygamy. It is often asked whether the two houses of Congress do not contain members who live irregular lives, and outrage the decency of domestic relations by entertaining some female besides the lawful wife. No doubt the question could be answered affirmatively, and all those who do the wrong deserve censure. But note the difference: the immoral man at Washington, while he has no idea of correcting his course, has no idea of defending it. The impurity of the Mormon habit is a public evil, augmented by the fact that it is sustained by the creed as well as the practice of the people of Utah. This is an instance to sustain our theory, that the bad acts of people are not so generally and permanently injurious as are bad doctrines.

We have asserted that the scandal which has disturbed society in New York, whatever may be the innocence of some of the parties implicated, owes its extent, if not its existence, to the tenderness with which a part of the press treated the doctrine of those who advocated free love. The failure to denounce, in clear and explicit terms, the theory that really was created to excuse or sanction the practice of impurity, was treason to morals and to good government.

Meetings were called under pretence of promoting female suffrage, and speeches were made advocating female licentiousness, and over these meetings presided, and at these meetings spake, men whose callings should have taught them prudence, at least in such matters. These and private meetings, soroses, and combinations of mixed genders, vitiated public taste, deadened public sensibility, and led to what we now see, and to what every virtuous observer of the times must greatly fear.

Is there no remedy? Must this moral disease go on and increase?

There is a remedy, but will it be applied? Sterner voices must be raised; something more than ridicule, more than half-condemnation is required. The demands of society should be listened to, and reformation be commenced in earnest. No half way measures will answer, but the doctrine and the practice must be put down, whoever may be personally reached. Those it is likely are to suffer most who have scarcely gone beyond *toleration*, because the very feeling of virtue which kept them from open practice and approval, will make them more sensitive to the condemnation that is now to be pronounced against the frightful doctrines which have by practice disturbed society.

The work of reformation must be thorough. It must include the actors and it must involve their surroundings. Men and women must be taught to keep clear, not only of the doctrines which have proved so injurious, but they must avoid all those foolish discussions, those delicate propositions, and those unusual affections and friendships, and that miserable toleration of error that allows it to grow into crime, that nurtures it into the means of public calamity.

When the fire desolated such a large portion of the business part of Boston, a few years ago, a resolution was adopted that, as ordinary fires would not crumble granite into dust, and melt hard bricks into solid masses, and, as they had such phenomena in the ruins of their warehouses, they would remove the means of such conflagrations. The business part of the city was rebuilt with none of the surroundings of combustible buildings that served to kindle and conduct the fire that took hold and

melted down their fireproof stores. And as they carried out their purposes of safety no conflagration has since marked the burnt district.

Chicago had an even worse fire than that of Boston. It began in a frame building, and the flames fed upon the wooden tenements around till, gathering power, they licked up the finest and richest portions of that great city. But the energy that built could rebuild, and Chicago rose with new claim to the admiration of the world at the enterprise of the people, but with equal power to astonish at the thoughtless way which allowed of almost innumerable small frame buildings, shanties, and shops that seemed to insure another conflagration. That insurance proved safer than the policies against fire. Another conflagration came, and the former cause produced like effect.

Had the cause been removed, certainly the effect would not have been felt. Chicago owed the extent of the second conflagration to a toleration, an encouragement of that which made or greatly aggravated the first.

Will the people learn from the scandal that has disturbed society for some months past to avoid the persons, connections, and opinions that have caused all the disturbance? Probably not.

People seem to think that by changing the name of the cause they are to lessen the effect. But after all, perhaps, it is proper to say that it is not the same people that cause one *esclandre* who are accountable for another. Different temperaments and different views and intentions are variously affected. One day somebody wakes up to the danger of foreigners, and a certain class of people are terribly excited over the assertion that arbitrary governments are sending hither their population to undermine our republican institutions, and forthwith the cry is, "Americans must rule America;" and to the excited clique that promulges that political apothegm immediately gathers fragmentary portions of citizens with various other curious ideas, and on the *nucleus* of Nativism is wound all manner of heresies, and to "the Natives" are gathered the foolishly ambitious, who hope to share in a triumph which they could not expect to achieve alone.

It would not be difficult to collect a goodly array of experiments like Nativism, and its grand result, Knownothingism; but that instance shows how heresies arise, and how the heretics strengthen their ranks.

Could any reasoning man have imagined that in "Christian United States" the doctrine of "free love" could have acquired a promulgation and defence that could have reached the interest, and persons, which it is now seen it has influenced? We believe that nakedly and primarily proposed it never would have gone beyond the "nasty" and ridiculous circle in which it appeared to originate. But there was a sentiment that had long been operating in various parts of the country, and which was operating in promoting those infamous laws in some of the Western States, that allowed of the divorce of man and wife upon the most trivial plea; so that a woman, at home in the Eastern city, awaiting the return of her husband from a collecting tour in the West, was startled almost into insanity by a notice that within a few weeks the man whom she had married, had lawfully slipped his neck out of the matrimonial yoke which rested in part upon her shoulders, and had shown his love of domestic happiness by getting married to another woman.

It has more than once happened that a wife has taken the lead in this mode of procedure, and in two months would assume her maiden

name and be endowed with another by a second marriage.

Now this is not "free love," but it is one mode of promoting it. They have lately, by some legislative enactments, made it a little more difficult to procure divorces in the West. Parties of either sex, to save time and money, have found a means of gratifying their feelings without divorce. They adopt the doctrine, or, at any rate, they adopt the practice of the doctrine of free love, and try to make society confess that the affections and passions, being the gift of God, they are right in using those gifts. With them "to enjoy is to obey."

It is not our object to present the doctrine of the Catholic Church as it regards the indissoluble character of the marriage contract. We hold it, of course; but we place our objection to the doctrines which have led to the Brooklyn scandals upon the opinion and practice of most all Christendom. The glory and beauty of womanhood are found in its purity. The honors and dignity of the wife are in the chastity with which she makes her household the home of undivided affection. She who pauses to calculate the danger or the reward of infidelity is unfaithful; and the woman who sits in counsel upon the question of female purity exposes her cause, even if she advocates the right. The participation in such a contest, however it may result to the *wrong*, will not close without injury to the opponents of that wrong. There are certain animals so offensive that a victory over them is almost death to the victor.

Two or three women openly espoused the doctrine of "free love." Others, who had ideas of woman's wrongs and woman's rights, came to hear the argument; few ventured to avow themselves converts, but many were not unwilling to submit themselves to the influence of the doctrine. Morbid desire for notoriety, unbalanced minds, prurient appetites, but mostly a love of immediate personal flattery, led many persons of learning and influence to give these convocations of infamy the benefit of their presence, and the disease which had been lurking in their system for a long time was made apparent and operative, and our country receives the infliction and disgrace which, considering the object, the location, and the character of its influence, is one of the worst visitations that it has ever endured.

Will not somebody see, in what has been presented in the case to which we have referred, motives for avoiding associations which have for their end and means something that good sense must condemn; a sort of attempt to improve society by means that are proclaimed to be a little better than those allowed by God, or which are recommended by Christianity? Will not people hesitate to embrace liberty that is inconsistent with what the Church has taught and generations approved? Will people never see that the efforts to change sexual relations without a change of sexual circumstances is so contrary to nature that it can be productive only of evil, and that continually? Because a part of those who advocate a change in the relations of man or woman do not, from some cause, otherwise grossly violate the proprieties of social life, and have art to conceal their aberration, it does not follow that the heresy does not lead directly to the abomination, and it is painful evidence that the abominations, which are preached and practiced by some, and more than tolerated by all of them, are either the direct motives, or the natural consequence of their doctrine.

Some people, indeed, will say that they have listened to the public defence of the doctrines and works

of the strongminded women and their male advocates, and they have also heard the less public exposition and defence of its practices, and yet have felt no inclination to rank themselves as professors of the creed. Perhaps not; but has not their tolerance towards these admitted disturbances of public morals assisted to check the hostility of the virtuous, and prepare the minds of the weak to entertain the heresy? There are times when the forbearance of censure is treason to virtue.

"Freedom of thought" and "liberty of expression," advanced ideas in social relation, and "enlargement of domestic proprieties," are phrases which cover up a multitude of heresies; and if people who depend on the public press or the public pulpit for guidance were to hear certain new doctrines announced by *titles* which their inevitable consequences suggest, we should hear less of free love, less of spiritualism, less of woman's rights; we should learn that "their paths lead down to death and their feet take hold on hell."

Let the young and the susceptible of both sexes avoid the associations, secret or public, that seem in any way to weaken the established habits of society; habits that are founded on the wisdom of God, who directed them at first, and are chastened and strengthened by Christian doctrines and Christian practices. In the arcana of that association is found the secret of the means to lessen the love and destroy the practice of social order and domestic purity and peace. The young man or young woman who hears of these soroses, these communities, should at once avoid their members and defenders, and while each looks away to the Church, the pillar and ground of truth, the asserter and supporter of purity and piety, let the cry be, "Oh my soul, come not thou unto their secrets, and unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united."

It is scarcely necessary, though perhaps not inappropriate, to say that it is not the object of this paper nor the wish of the writer to take any part in the opinions that divide so many people, as it regards the individual criminality of persons whose names have been the most involved in the unhappy affair that has occupied so much of public attention, centring in Brooklyn and New York, but extending in all directions, gratifying the prurient tastes of some, affording pleasure to many who see in the errors of professed Christians some excuse for the faults of those who neither profess nor possess religion, and everywhere and among all correct persons occasioning deep regret and mortification. Our business is rather with the proximate cause of this terrible scandal than with those now most distinctly and personally involved in it. It should be the duty of the good everywhere, it should be the office of the pulpit and the press, to denounce the beginning of the miserable work of disturbing society by corrupting doctrines. Without some terrible results, some great exposures, it is not easy to bring the public mind to a proper judgment of these impure and impolitic doctrines. Why await the convulsion? Why not openly condemn at once and boldly, the teachers and their teachings, and stop both the promulgation and the practice? Stop them at once. Stop them in the beginning.

> "Principiis obsta, sero medecina paratur,
> Cum mala per longas invaluere moras."

The advice of the author of the above classical quotation is good—good *morally*, physically, as it was first intended; good morally and politically as it is generally applied. Had the promulgation of "free love" doctrines and the exhibition of pretended spiritualism been

frowned down when first the moral sentiment was insulted by them, such a disgrace as that in Brooklyn could not have occurred. But "Principiis obsta" is not enough; the evil cannot exist, cannot be presented without injury to friends, and even to foes. The Scriptures tell us that if we touch filth we shall be defiled therewith, and Hippocrates, as presented in our quotation from Ovid, tells us that we should meet the disorder at its outset. But the evil to which we have referred is of that kind which the Holy Scriptures say should be "let alone before it be meddled with."

MUSIC.

No music now delights my ear
  Save only that which flows to God,
  Unconsciously, from tree or sod,
Or consciously from man in love and fear.

The praise of war, the praise of wine,
  The praise of wealth and vanity,
  Is but a sad inanity
In which the spirit cannot choose but pine.

The lovely flute notes of the dove,
  Or wild bee's hum is pleasing still;
  The rushing of the limpid rill,
The fitful song of wind-swept pines above.

Praises of earthly love by those
  Who never felt a throb grow stale;
  Dearer the linnet's simple tale,
Or what the bluebird and the thrush compose.

But, oh! the thrill and tremor wan
  When from the human soul arise
  Those strains that pierce the azure skies,
And God is listening to the heart of man!

Bliss! sublunary bliss!—proud words, and vain!
Implicit treason to divine decree!
A bold invasion of the rights of heaven!
I clasped the phantoms, and I found them air;
O had I weighed it ere my fond embrace,
What darts of agony had missed my heart!

THE BASILICA OF ST. PETRONILLA AND THE AMERICAN PILGRIMS.

Between the Via Ardeatina and the Ostian Way, with a labyrinth of galleries and cross-passages, lies one of the vastest subterranean necropolises of Rome or the vicinity. Bosius used to style it the Cemetery of St. Callixtus; but the discovery in 1854 of the veritable Catacombs of St. Callixtus, with its crypts, wherein were entombed the popes and martyrs of the primitive church, and which are visited daily by strangers from every land, has confirmed the great archæologist, John Baptist de Rossi, in the opinion he had long ago formed, that these were the Catacombs of St. Domitilla, niece of the Emperors Domitian and Titus. Long before recent discoveries had made the world familiar with this necropolis, De Rossi wrote: "The vast Cemetery of Tor Marancia (that tract of land in which the cemetery lies) has an existence, a history, and a development of its own; and both on account of its ancient origin, and the magnificence of its original conception in the excavation, it surpasses that of Callixtus." Topographers and the acts of the martyrs leave no doubt as to the real name and history of that gigantic underground city. Here they evidently point out to us Petronilla, Nereus, and Achilleus, buried in the land of Flavia Domitilla, niece of Domitian, a mile and a half from Rome, near the Via Ardeatina; and, in fact, the ancient index of cemeteries has a record of one called "Domitillæ, Nerei et Achillei, ad S. Petronillam, Via Ardeatina." (Of Domitilla, Nereus, and Achilleus, at St. Petronilla's, on the Via Ardeatina.) The principal entrance to the cemetery was discovered in 1865, and though the archæologist suspected from the beginning that he was in the vicinity of the tombs of Saints Petronilla, Nereus, and Achilleus, still his doubts were not solved on the matter until later. St. Petronilla, by the way, is called in her acts the *spiritual daughter* of St. Peter, and called Petronilla from Petro, an ancestor of the Flavio-Augusti, whence she also sprang. Her family name was Aurelia. History tells us that her tomb was in a basilica called after her, but other than that nothing was known of her tomb. In 1854, the Archæological Society of Rome, under the patronage of Pius IX, who may well be styled another Damasus, came upon some solid walls of masonry in the Cemetery of St. Domitilla, which seemed to be incorporated with the cemetery itself. It was supposed that this was the nucleus of the cemetery, and nothing more was thought about it, as the attention of the archæologists was just then called to the Catacombs of St. Callixtus. The excavations were therewith suspended, nor did an opportunity of resuming them present itself before the November of 1873, when Monsignor de Merode, becoming the proprietor of the premises, the work of excavating near the walls, already spoken of, was recommenced at the expense of that generous patron of art, whose name shall be held in benediction. They had not proceeded far in the excavations, when they discovered, not a nucleus of the Cemetery of Domitilla, as was first supposed, not a crypt, but a vast edifice, or basilica, about the size of that of St. Lawrence, *extra muros*. But three hypotheses could be formed regarding this basilica. The first, that it was the Church of St. Damasus, in which were buried his mother and sister,

and, later, himself. The second hypothesis was, that it might be the Church of Saints Mark and Marcellinus, M. M. The third, that it was the Basilica of St. Petronilla. The first hypothesis not only has no foundation to sustain it, but there are positive arguments against it, of which one will suffice for our purpose. To construct this basilica it was necessary to remove a great many bodies of the blessed dead, who reposed in that part of the cemetery wherein the church was built, to make place for the building. But we know, on the other hand, that the blessed Damasus, in his reverential love for the dead, was utterly averse to disturbing their ashes. In substantiation of this, it is sufficient to cite an inscription found in the papal crypt of the Catacombs of St. Callixtus, and of which Damasus himself is the author. The inscription reads in this wise: "Hic fateor, Damasus, volin mea condere membra; sed cineres tinuii sanctos vexare piorenu." (Here, I confess, I, Damasus, have wished to lay my bones; but I feared to disturb the holy ashes of the blessed.) It could not be the Basilica of Saints Mark and Marcellinus, martyrs of the third century, because the inscriptions on some of the sarcophagi under the church are anterior to their time. It remains to choose the last hypothesis, viz., that the basilica is that of St. Petronilla; and against this hypothesis not only no difficulties can be raised, but there are positive, unanswerable arguments to sustain it. Bosius cites the testimony of Francis Albertinus, who, in his book of the wonderful things of Rome, in the times of Julius II, A.D. 1510, wrote: "Cœmeterium Domitillæ Via Ardeatina apud Ecclesiam Sanctæ Petronillæ." (The Cemetery of Domitilla, on the Via Ardeatina, at the *Church of St. Petronilla.*) The same author, Bosius, also quotes the "Liber Pontificalis," in the life of Gregory III (715–741), in which these words occur: "In Cœmeterio Sanctæ Petronillæ Stationem annuam dari instituit, ubi obtulit coronam auream, calicem et patenam argenteam, seu alia diversa ad ornamentum ecclesiæ pertinentia." (He ordered a yearly Station to be given in the Cemetery of St. Petronilla, whither he brought a golden crown, a chalice, and silver paten, or divers other things belonging to the ornament of the church.) It is also recorded of St. Gregory the Great, that he delivered one of his most celebrated extemporaneous homilies in this very basilica: "Habita ad populum in Cœmeterio Nerei et Achillei, die natali eorum." (Delivered before the people, in the Cemetery of Nereus and Achilleus, on their feast.) This was not at their basilica inside the walls, but precisely at their tomb, for the great saint says: "Isti sancti ad quorum tumbam consistimus." (These saints at whose tomb we stand.) But this was in that same basilica of which Francis Albertinus spoke, as above cited: "Cœmeterium Domitillæ, Nerei et Achillei, ad Sanctam Petronillam, Via Ardeatina." (The Cemetery of Domitillæ, Nereus, and Achilleus, at St. Petronilla, on the Via Ardeatina.) In the apsis of the basilica were found the fragments of a large marble slab, on which was engraven an inscription in Damasine letters. There was no name mentioned in the inscription, a poetical inspiration of Damasus, as the last line of the verse testifies. But the inscription corresponds exactly with another found in four celebrated codices in Germany. First, with that of Heidelberg; but on this there is no name. Secondly, with that of Einsiedeln, in which the place of the original inscription is indicated, for above the inscription is written: "In sepulchro Nerei et Achillei, Via Appia. Nereus et Achilleus,

martyres." (In the tomb of Nereus and Achilleus, on the Appian Way. Nereus and Achilleus, martyrs.) The inscription coincides *ad litteram* with the codices of Closternenberg and Göttwei, and in both these the names of the martyrs, in whose honor it was written, are mentioned. An explanation of this coincidence is found in the fact, that in the seventh century pilgrims from Gaul, Germany, and even Great Britain, were wont to visit this sanctuary, when, as was the custom, they copied the inscriptions on the tombs of the saints and martyrs whose shrines they visited, and carried them home with them. In their itineraries we find mention made of a basilica identical with the one in question: "Juxta Viam Ardeatinam Ecclesia est Sanctæ Petronillæ; ibi quoque Sanctus Nereus et Sanctus Achilleus sunt et ipsi Sancta Petronilla sepulti." (Near the Via Ardeatina is the Church of St. Petronilla; there also St. Nereus, and St. Achilleus, and St. Petronilla herself are buried.) Here is the inscription in its entirety. The letters in small capitals are the only fragment of the ancient slab found in the basilica. For the rest we are indebted to the ingenuity of the archæologist, De Rossi, who suggested what was wanting, and afterwards found full confirmation in the codices above mentioned.

Militiæ nomen dederant sævum q yerebant
Officium pariter spectantes jussa TYRanni
Præceptis pulsante metu servire PARati
Mira fides rerum subito posuere FVROREM
Conversi fuguint ducis impia castra RELINQVVNT
Prouciunt clypeos faleras telaq CRVENTA
Confessi gaudent Christi portare TRIVMFOS
Credite per Damasum possit quid GLORIA CHRISTI.

The following is a running translation: "They gave their names to warfare, and, moreover, obeying the mandates of the tyrant, performed a cruel duty; actuated by fear they were ready to obey the (impious) commands. Wonderful to believe, they lay aside their fury, and, being converted, they desert the impious ranks of their leader, and fly, casting away their shields, their trophies, and bloody javelins. Confessing (their faith) they rejoice in winning the victories of Christ. Through Damasus believe what the glory of Christ can effect."

Having established now by the authority of four unimpeachable examplars the text, the place, and the subject of this eulogium of Pope Damasus, it may not be out of place to stop, and review in detail the verse just cited. Damasus says that Nereus and Achilleus were soldiers, or, rather, we would gather from the context, ministers of a cruel tyrant. Illuminated afterwards with the light of faith, they fled from such a cruel service, and confessing the name of Christ, they suffered martyrdom. The last line of the verse is addressed to the readers by St. Damasus, the author of the verse, and is nearly identical with that which he wrote on the conversion of St. Paul:

"Sensit posset quid gloria Christi
Auribus ut Domini vocem lucemque recepit."

(He perceived what the glory of Christ could do as soon as he received the voice and the light of the Lord.) The conversion, then, of Nereus and Achilleus is set forth in these lines as a glorious victory won by the power of Christ. A question here arises, whether Nereus and Achilleus were veritable soldiers, whose duty it was to fight in battle, or only servants or men-at-arms, who officiated at the tribunals of the tyrants. The first lines of the verse would seem to intimate the latter, if we bear also in mind that a true Roman soldier was never called upon to fulfil the office of gaoler or executioner. It was beneath the dignity of a Roman soldier to slay any one save in battle. Add to this, that in those days it was customary to call the officials in attend-

ance at the tribunals by the name of "milites," or soldiers. Still the words of Damasus, that "militiæ nomen dederunt," are to be understood in the literal sense, and this interpretation is confirmed in the sixth line of the verse above cited, wherein it is narrated how they threw down their shields, and especially the trophies, "faleras," which are military decorations awarded only to soldiers who fight and have fought in battle. How they came to be discharging the exceptional duty of being ministers to the rage of tyrants against Christians is very easily explained, when we reflect that the Roman emperors, and Nero in particular, in their persecution of the Christians, violated every military tradition in the Roman discipline. A case in point is cited by Josephus Flavius, who narrates of a soldier, one Chereas, who, haranguing his fellow-soldiers on this very point, observed, that instead of being soldiers, an honorable title, they had degenerated into ignominious executioners. This was one of the motives he adduced for the assassination of the tyrant Caligula. Beyond doubt, then, Nereus and Achilleus were Roman soldiers, and we find further confirmation of the fact in the words of the inscription, which narrate how they fled the camp, "castra," of the tyrant; for the word *castrum* or *castra* is antonomastically characteristic of military quarters. It is not my purpose here to refute the opinion of some hypercritics, who maintain that the acts of Nereus and Achilleus, and especially Petronilla, are merely a pious legend. I will merely observe, in passing, that the acts have been substantiated to the full by the discovery of their resting place, in the very spot and manner narrated; and with such palpable arguments before our eyes, to deny the authenticity or veracity of the acts would be unscholarlike, not to say absurd. The inscription goes on to say, that "conversi confugiunt," being converted, they fly, abandoning the camp of the tyrant. This harmonizes perfectly with the narration in some martyrologies, that they lived in exile with Domitilla, and suffering martyrdom with that holy heroine, they were buried with her in a cemetery situated in her land, on the Via Ardeatina.

Having established the identity of the Basilica of St. Nereus and Achilleus, it only remains for us to give a history of its construction, and to account for its ultimate destruction, or, rather, abandonment. It was thought by some archæologists that the basilica was built by Pope John I (A. 523–526); because the "Liber Pontificalis" observes, that "Renovavit cœmeterium beatorum martyrum Nerei et Achillei. (He restored the cemetery of Nereus and Achilleus.) But there are other codices which, in place of *renovavit*, restored, read *perfecit*, and also *fecit*, completed, built. But from an inscription on a tomb near the altar, it appears that the building was already completed in the year 395. The tomb is sacred to the memory of Beatus and Vincentia, two Christians, who died in the same month of May, A.D. 395.

The inscription is as follows:

BEATVS DIFVNCTVS
EST. III. IDVS MAIAS
DIES SATVRNIS. AN. XXVII.
ANICIO OLYBRIO ET
PROBINO V̄V̄C̄C̄C̄O̲N̲S̲S̲.
VINCENTIA DIFVNCTA
EST. XII. KAL. IVNIAS
DIES LVNIS. ANN. XXVII.
IN PACE.

Translation: Beatus died on the 12th of May, on Saturday, at twenty-seven years, Anicius, Olybrius, and Probinus consuls. Vincentia died on the 21st of May, on Monday, twenty-seven years, in peace. In-

stead of III Idus Maias, it should read IIII Idus Maias, to get Saturday, *dies Saturnis* (Saturni). In the second part of the inscription, we have "*dies lunæ*," Monday, the 21st of May. Now, according to the ancient method of counting time, to have the 21st of May fall on Monday, the Dominical letter of the solar cycle should be G. But, on the other hand, the Dominical letter G was proper to the year of grace, 395. Therefore, we conclude, that the basilica was barely completed at that date. I say *barely* completed, because the position of the tomb, near the altar, being the most desirable according to the custom of the time, of burying, if possible, near the altar, convinces us that the altar had not been erected long before that date, as it would be impossible to have a tomb in such close contiguity. The blessed Siniacus was Pope at that time, and the worthy successor of Damasus. It was his great ambition to carry into effect all the constructions projected by St. Damasus. The metrical inscription, eulogistic of Nereus and Achilleus, and which was written by Damasus, suggests the not improbable conjecture, that the idea of erecting the basilica originated with Pope Damasus. As we have already seen, the basilica was restored by John I, between the years 523 and 526. At the end of that same century, the sixth, the ruthless Lombards, who ravaged Italy, brought death and desolation to Rome and the vicinity. It was on the occasion of these evils that Gregory the Great, having gathered his flock around him, delivered in this very basilica one of his most beautiful homilies, in which he draws a saddening picture of the misery which then oppressed the people. "Ubique mors, ubique luctus, ubique desolatio; undique percutrinur, undique amaritudinibus replemur, . . . aliquando nos mundus delectatione sibi tenuit, nunc tantis plagis plenus est, ut ipse nos mundus mittat ad Deum." A few years later, the queen of those same barbarous Lombards, the pious Theodolinda, sent a holy man to Rome, who was to visit the shrines of the saints, and carry back as many relics as he could procure. Taking some oil from the lamps which burned at the sepulchres of Petronilla, Nereus, and Achilleus, he carried it home in a vial, which is preserved to this day in Monza, with the ancient inscription, the autograph of "John the Abbot," who was the messenger of the queen. This was in accordance with an old custom among pilgrims and pious people, who always carried a small vial with them in which to put the oil, blessed by burning before the shrines of God's saints. In the excavations, the fragments of a large marble vase or plate were found, in which the oil was kept, after the manner of a holy-water fount. The oil was consumed by little wicks or dips, which were lit, and which floated on the surface. In the seventh century, the Basilica of St. Petronilla was frequented by numberless pilgrims from beyond the Alps, whose itineraries speak of the Basilica of St. Petronilla, and lead us to believe that the original name of the church was St. Petronilla. "Juxta Viam Ardeatinam Ecclesia est Sanctæ Petronillæ; ibi quoque S. Nereus et S. Achilleus, sunt et ipsa Petronilla sepulti." (Near the Via Ardeatina is the Church of St. Petronilla; there also St. Nereus, St. Achilleus, and Petronilla herself are buried.) In the year 755, the Lombards, under King Aistulphus, made another descent upon Rome; and this time they destroyed the cemeteries and basilicas which were situated outside the walls. As soon as peace was restored, Pope Paul I, with pious solicitude, began to gather the relics of the saints within the

walls, where they would not be subject to the profanations of the hordes of marauders who made periodical incursions in the vicinity of Rome. One of the most solemn and imposing translations was that of the body of St. Petronilla, sarcophagus, inscription, and all, to the Vatican Basilica, where it now reposes. This explains why, in the excavations, no trace of any monument dedicated to St. Petronilla has been discovered; though De Rossi is not without hopes of finding something in his ulterior researches. The date of the translation of the relics of Saints Nereus and Achilleus is unknown. We only know that in the year 1213 they were deposited in the Church of St. Adrian, in the Roman forum, whence, at the request of Cardinal Baronius, the great annalist, made to Pope Clement VIII, they were carried to the magnificent church, erected to the two saints, inside the walls, and of which Baronius was titular cardinal. Towards the end of the eighth, and the beginning of the ninth century, the church was abandoned, partly because of its ruinous state, but more especially because during a great part of the year it was unfit for divine service, owing to the excessive rains of October, November, and December, which completely inundated it; for, as we have already observed, the structure was altogether built below the surface, nay, incorporated with the catacombs. This was in the pontificate of Leo III (A. 795, 816), as we gather from his biography, in which we read as follows: "Hic præclarus Pontifex, conspiciens Ecclesiam beatorum martyrum Nerei et Achillei præ nimia jam retustate deficere, atque aquarum inundantia repleri, juxta eamdem ecclesiam, noviter a fundamentis in loco superiore ecclesiam construxit, miræ magnitudinis et pulchritudinis decoratam; in qua etiam hæc obtulit dona," &c. (This glorious Pontiff, beholding the Church of the blessed martyrs, Nereus and Achilleus, falling into ruin on account of its great antiquity and the inundation of the rains, built a church of wonderful magnificence, in a more elevated position near the same church, to which, moreover, he brought these gifts, &c.) The new church spoken of stands on the Appian Way, not far from the old edifice, whither everything appertaining to the divine service was brought. The columns which supported the arches soon gave way, the roof collapsed, the inclosure was soon buried beneath its own ruins, and the earth falling into and about it. For ten centuries the ploughshare has been passing and repassing over the once celebrated sanctuary of the blessed martyrs. Its history passed away with its contemporaries, and nothing was left to enlighten posterity but the few fragments already cited, and—ah yes! the providence of God, which in these later days has given the Church a genius like De Rossi, and an encouraging patron like Pius IX; and thus, under the auspices of the latter, the former delves down in the bowels of the earth, and after years of patient labor and deep research, brings to our gaze the church of the primitive ages, the sight of which quickens our faith, and sends a thrill of holy admiration and love tingling through our veins. Perhaps there never was a title so well merited, so apt, and so beautifully suggestive of the sacred character of his labors, as that which an admiring age has bestowed upon Giovanni Battista de Rossi, "Columba catacumbarum," the dove of the catacombs! How expressive of that eye which penetrated into the bewildering recesses of those quiet caverns, of the quick, solicitous flight from one holy discovery to another, and, above all, how beautifully suggestive of that tender, loving, simple, and rever-

ential faith, which, like that of Damasus of old, is ever alive with a holy veneration for the martyrs, and reverentially fearful "cineres sanctos vexandi piorum" (of disturbing the holy ashes of the blessed).

'Tis a beautiful Sunday morning is that of the 14th day of June of this year of grace, and thanks to Divine Providence, the labors of De Rossi, and the generous, great-souled Monsignor de Merode, rest him God, we are again kneeling in the sacred inclosure of St. Petronilla, lately dishumed from the dust of centuries. A large awning is stretched over the inclosure, through which a delicious odor of the bay, and the box, and roses, is wafted by the morning breeze. In the apsis of the basilica, there is a throne erected, and over it the inscription, "Corpora sanctorum in pace sepultra sunt; nomina eorum vivent in æternum." (The bodies of the saints are buried in peace; their names shall live for evermore.) And as the eye wanders from the apsis towards the vestibule, it rests on an altar, and at it stands a bishop who is offering up the holy sacrifice. Around the altar, and extending to the end of the inclosure, kneeling on broken capitals, and behind columns, stunted, as it were, in their growth, or lying prostrate among fragments of ancient sarcophagi, is a pious assemblage of pilgrims who come from afar, farther even than the transalpine pilgrims, who erst visited this very sanctuary, and carried home with them the holy oil which burned at the tomb of the martyrs, and copies of the metrical inscriptions of Pope Damasus, which once more grace the vestibule. In front of the altar there is a large basket of flowers, and in the midst of these there is a number of little lamps, lit as of yore in honor of the martyrs. On the whole it is a beautiful feast, in which a strong faith is blended with a revival of the sacred memories of the past. No one seems to give greater evidence of this than the directing spirit of all, Monsignor de Merode, who is wrapt in silent prayer in a corner beside the altar. It is a feast of revival, a going back, as it were, to other days, when the vaults of the basilica resounded with the eloquence of Gregory the Great, and pious stations were performed in the true penitential spirit. But, unlike other festivals of memory, there is a reality about this which gives it a form, a character, irrespective of the past. In other festivals commemorative of the past, there is no other reality, no entity, save in memory. But in this there is all that, and the real identical sacrifice, the same Blessed Victim, without whom there would not be even the pious memory of the past to dwell upon. Add to this that the Church, only true guardian and cherisher of all that is good in the past, puts in the mouth of the priest who now officiates the very words of her saints of old, which she had hoarded away for centuries with a mother's tender care. Hence, when the cardinal who celebrated mass praised the faith of the American pilgrims, and placed it in a glorious contrast with the increasing incredulity of the world, he took occasion therefrom to touch upon the persecutions which afflict the Church in all her members, beginning with the visible head, the suffering Pius. What words could be more appropriate than those of Gregory the Great? The Church had preserved them, and now after centuries had rolled by since they were addressed to the faithful in this inclosure, behold, we hear them again: "Ubique mors, ubique luctus, ubique desolatio; undique percutrinur, undique amaritudinibus replemur. Aliquando nos mundus delectatione sibi tenuit, nunc tantis plagis plenus est, ut ipse nos mundus mittat ad Deum." (Death everywhere, grief every-

where, desolation everywhere. We are stricken on all sides; on all sides we are filled with anguish. Sometimes the world with its pleasure draws us to itself, but now it is so full of afflictions, that the world itself sends us to God.) These pathetic words did not fail to suggest many other sentiments proper to the occasion, which were expressed by the good cardinal with much tenderness. Even in this there was a reality not unlike that which the pilgrims of the seventh century met here. In those days, too, the Church suffered, now from the inroads of the Goths, now from the sacrilegious rapacity of the Longobardi, and anon, factious parties within the very bosom of the Church filled her with sorrow and affliction of spirit. In these days, too, she has her troubles, as hard to bear, nay, harder than those of the seventh and eighth centuries, and the afflicted Spouse of Christ finds a sympathy and a consolation in the hearts of her transatlantic children to-day, as she did in those of the transalpine pilgrims centuries agone; and as the pilgrims of the seventh century took some of the oil from the lamps which burned before the tomb of the martyrs, so did those of the nineteenth, with equal simplicity of faith—and simplicity, by the way, is the life of faith—take the oil, and the flowers, and the maiden's fern, and the hay, and the box, as sweet memorials of Petronilla's shrine. All this, together with copies of the Damasine inscription, was prepared for the pilgrims by the thoughtful and generous De Merode, whose heart clung fondly to the memories of the past, and who was indescribably happy in being the means of reviving them. He has passed from earth since that happy, happy Sunday morning, and his remains rest in the little Swiss churchyard at St. Peter's. His memory is dear to all, but his name shall be especially held in benediction by every American Catholic who loves to dwell on the events of that happy pilgrimage which left America, and the visit to the Basilica of St. Petronilla.

THE SHADOW UNDER THE YEW.

THERE sits a shadow under the yew,
Who, sun or moon, or light or dark,
Waits with a cruel gibber and grin
In the blind night or by the star-spark;
Or whether it rain with lashing rage,
Or whether it blow with a devil's force,
Sitting and counting the fresh grassed graves,
And the lying stones, each one o'er a corse.

Under the shade of the churchyard yew
The dark thing sits and counts the graves,
That Dead Sea, lulled in a treacherous calm
That billows around him in grass-green waves;
And when I see him I tread so soft,
And I scarcely dare to draw my breath,
For hearse-plume black is the yew-tree's shade,
And the name of that terrible shape is DEATH.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

I.

It was recounted in so many different ways, and they were all such poor ones, and it was, and is, to me, such a surpassingly beautiful story of tender and simple truth of soul, that I would like to tell it here "as 'twas told to me."

For instance, the world, of which I do not know much, for I have been a cripple all my life, chained to one little spot in it, told it in this wise: "Ethel Esmond is not worth a cent now! Just think." And the truth was just the opposite, for she was indeed worth more than all the world's wealth could represent.

Then the newspapers told it in this wise: "Miss E. E., a beauty and heiress of this city, has suddenly, and without obvious reasons, left her home. No one knows where she has gone, but doubtless Time, the great solver of all such problems, will unravel the mystery. The unfortunate young lady has no near relative."

Now the truth was exactly the opposite of this too. She not only had "reasons," but reasons lofty beyond all words, and, instead of being "unfortunate," she was amongst the most fortunate of the earth, viz., those who keep their souls beyond its power.

The most matter-of-fact people told it in this wise,—the sort of people who neither add to nor diminish a story, and to whom, personally, the story is nothing: "Ethel Esmond, old Henry Esmond's heiress, has disappeared, and left her house and money to a stranger. The will was all right, and could not be broken. Very queer, but no matter what the cause, she'll be sorry, for it's plain she needn't have done it!"

She need not, indeed. There comes in how 'twas told to me. God, who saw it all, knows she need not, and she will never "be sorry."

There were many other versions of it, for everybody where it occurred knew Ethel Esmond, and everybody talked about it, but these will serve to show you what I mean by saying all their ways of telling it were so poor. This you will see even better, when I have shown you how "'twas told to me." And to do this properly, I must begin with the first time I ever saw her, or rather a little while before that. You must remember, I do not, as I said before, know much of the world, so can only speak of it very simply. But I love the words in which I tell it. Simple though they have to be, they are the truth, so very proud and so very beautiful, I think it needs no artifice of language to make it more so. I put it here, hoping that from my little prisoned spot, my voice in it may have the power to turn some heart, young and untried, heavenwards, seeing how the constant looking there can make us superior to everything, even the loftiest here.

Now this is the story, "as 'twas told to me."

II.

It was one of those fair days in spring, when, I am told—though I have never seen it myself—the earth seems like Eden; when infant buds begin to unfold, and balm and warmth are breathed in the air, and you hear the birds singing their little love-songs, and the forms of children are seen bounding and dancing before you wherever you go. In that spot, often described to me eloquently by a dear friend, and called the Park by our citizens, and which I have

dreamed about, and longed to look upon, till I can almost say I know it quite as well as those who have done so, all these signs of spring were very plain. And it appears everybody turned out to do honor to them. The Park could not have been more crowded than it was that day of which I speak, when the earth wore the likeness of Heaven for the lookers-on. They said—those two who used to tell me all about outside things (of course I mean things outside my little prisoned spot), my mother and Eugene, my friend—they said that beautiful ladies, and handsome men paying court to them, walked, and rode, and sat in this place, and children, graceful and lovely as pictures, played under the trees. I have often shut my eyes and thought I saw them, and, chained down inexorably to my bed of pain, imagined what happiness must be theirs who need never long in vain to be out in the sunshine. I supposed they never could feel weary of life, or impatient, or loath to smile and speak, every one of which feelings were so often mine. They said, too, that the poor were in this spot, enjoying the light and air; some, indeed, in rags, and begging. But even those I could not imagine otherwise than smiling, for were they not free? Ah! well, all this is but wandering from my story.

The reason I pick out that day to speak of here is, it was then the story properly began. For Ethel Esmond, happening to be riding in the Park amongst the happy ones there, and being watched by many eyes, and amongst the rest by those of a poor washerwoman carrying home her week's work, all that brought about the story came from this. The woman stood back in the shadow of some trees, her heavy basket laid down beside her, and I have been told by Eugene, who saw her, unseen by her, that she stood shading her eyes with her hand, and gazing on the young lady with a hungering and earnest look, very much to be wondered at by any one who might have noticed it. While she stood thus, a little beggar girl, whose pinched face alone implored charity, held out a wan hand to Ethel Esmond, passing in her elegant open carriage. I understand it is not usual for ladies in her position to even see such a little hand held out, at which I am much astonished, but she saw it, and with tender pity on her face dropped into it a piece of money. Immediately a boy, much larger than the little girl, darted forward and snapped it from her, running away then as fast as he could. I often see the picture Eugene's words made for me of the little girl then. He said she did not scream, nor run after him, but stood a silent and very touching picture of childish despair, clasping her hands, her face turned towards where he had gone, that face eloquent with silent and profound woe, her slight and ragged little figure drooping in every line, her very helplessness about pursuing her defrauder adding to the simple pathos of the whole. Eugene is a poet. I think I cannot say it in a better place than at this point of my story.

The world, of which I am so ignorant, must not be near so beautiful as the earth, that keeps itself as God made it. For it appears that to the eyes of the world it was now a very eccentric thing that Ethel Esmond stopped her carriage, and stood up, with indignant crimson dyeing her cheeks, pointing after the retreating boy, with a gesture so queenly in its command, that to see it might alone have arrested his steps, and saying to her footman,

"Go, bring him here!"

Eugene said that no princess, on whose word hung the lives of a thousand criminals, could have

spoken with a more royal grace, or no judge, dispensing to them their deserts, with more severe determination, yet, as the man went to do her bidding, she bent down to the now silently weeping child with the sweetest and most womanly pity, saying,

"Dear, you shall have your right! There," as the tears fell faster at the kind voice, "do not—*you shall have your right.*"

All this time the woman in the shadow of the trees watched with steady and eager eyes, watched as if on the issue depended something greater than appeared to any others looking on, so Eugene said, and those anxious hungering eyes were fixed on Ethel Esmond, not on any other actor in the scene. Their gaze on her was so intense it really might have drawn her to the side of the gazer, if there be anything at all in magnetism.

Well, the stalwart footman returned in a few minutes with the delinquent boy, kicking and struggling as they came. By this time a little crowd had collected, mostly of boys, and from many carriages and buggies heads were turned to find out the end. Ethel Esmond did not seem to see any one, however, but the weeping child and the author of her tears. So absorbed was she in her object, that, unmindful of any witness, she stepped from the carriage, and stood beside the little girl, awaiting his coming. When the footman succeeded in bringing him to the spot, she took that little hand, so thin and wan, from which he had snatched the coin, and held it out towards the now shrinking and blubbering coward.

"There," she said in ringing tones; "put that money exactly where you got it!"

He laid it in the poor little palm.

"Now, go!"

The footman released him, and he ran away faster than he had done before.

"Because," she spoke to herself, but others heard her, "I could have easily given her a half a dollar instead, but that would not have been seeing justice done. I hate injustice!"

The crowd — the boys most loudly—gave a cheer. She then looked, and amazed, perceived how many eyes were upon her, but by the time a second cheer had gone up to the sky—I am sure such cheers go there—she turned, and with a lady's winning manner bowed an acknowledgment. And while the third answered the act, she stooped blushing over the little child.

"Where is your home, dear?" she asked.

"What is home? I don't know," said the child.

"Where your mother is. I think, dear, you will know it best that way."

"But I—I have no mother. I have nobody."

Eugene said he saw tears then fall from her eyes upon the tangled, dirty little head of the child, and she answered quietly,

"Come home with me then. So have I nobody. We will be somebody to each other I hope."

She took her into the carriage and another cheer went up as it drove away, and showers of young leaves and flower-buds torn hastily from the shrubbery were cast upon it, till it reached the Park gate. Covered by them, she went out of sight, all the time bending over the ragged little stranger in apparently earnest talk.

Then Eugene said a hubbub ensued in the Park. For the policemen began to pursue those who had plucked the branches of the shrubbery; indeed, the boys and the poor people. But I understand it is the way of the world to punish such

excitement as that which caused the act, though the uncomplaining earth so freely gave its blossoms for a tribute to her. And the eyes which had watched from fine vehicles the whole scene, smiled sarcastically, and such of their owners as were near enough to each other to speak said, "How odd of her! How *outré!*"

That was all, and they drove on then, laughing mockingly. For that is the world's estimate of such acts, it seems, which puzzles me beyond measure. It is as if it believed no one could possibly do anything from pure charity, when even so far off a motive as the distinction of being odd is given to a deed like Ethel Esmond's, but surely it ought to remember that our dear Lord's words, making love the rule of his law, could not fail to take root in some human hearts; the world cannot have all.

The woman, still watching under the shadow of the trees, drew a long breath, as if of intense relief, when Ethel Esmond had performed her kind act, and the anxiety, at least, died out of her eyes as she said, like some one who had been watching in fear, and from whom the fear was now removed, "Thank God!"

Then, taking up her heavy basket, she cast a loving, yearning look after Ethel Esmond's retreating carriage, and any one very near her might have heard her say, in a broken and sorrowing whisper,

"I'll tell her; oh! I'll tell her; so quick to do justice. But not yet, not till the last!"

It was not Eugene who told me this part of my story. It was the woman herself, the tried, and worn, and anxious, and long-suffering woman, for she was my mother.

III.

We were very poor, hopelessly and unchangingly poor, as long as I could remember. There was no touch of concealment or palliation for our poverty in our one bare and shadowed room; there could not be; it was too real to admit of any graceful subterfuge; and our meagre allowance of food and drink was quite as palpable a fact as our unadorned, nay, I might almost say, unfurnished attic; for our whole subsistence was derived from the labor of my mother's hands, poor hands, now nearly worn out, nearly ready to fold themselves in a clasp of eternal rest. If I could have helped her it might have been different, but I was a heavy burden on her instead, lying helpless there always. I used to think, as evening drew near, and I looked round the comfortless room, what a golden blessing I would deem it if I had the power of motion for even that one half hour of the twenty-four. I used to shut my eyes—I always shut my eyes when I am going to make pictures for myself—and imagine her, at that moment, bending over the steaming tub, wringing out the last pieces of her weary work, wet and half blind with weakness, and aching from head to foot. And then I used to conjure up a scene; to you it will seem a very poor little attempt at happiness I am sure, but to me it wore all the unattainable attributes of a castle in the air; it was only myself awaiting her, with floor clean swept and fire brightly burning, the little tea-kettle hissing on the hob, and our humble supper-table spread. It seemed to me I would bear all the pain and monotony of the rest of my days to purchase this. Ah! in the midst of my dream she would come wearily up-stairs. I could hear each tired step of her feet from the lowest landing, and each fell on my heart, I am sure, with all the pain she felt in them. And she would enter the room white and almost breathless, not speaking at first, because she could not from

exhaustion. I would say, "Poor mother!" or oftener stretch my hands towards her in silent sorrow. And in a moment then she would say, trying to speak cheerily: "Don't mind, love; the day is over now."

Nearly always that simple and touching thanksgiving, "the day is over," the one boon her toiling hours could bring! And I would say, perhaps, "But you are so tired, and I am so sorry nothing is ready for you here." Then she would answer, with a very patient sigh, "My honey, when you say that, it only reminds me of One who came to us in the night, and the cold, and found nothing ready for him, though the whole world could have made ready if he but wished it."

Then she would set about arranging the comfortless room, always first coming over to my bed and kissing me, and saying, "Thank God for you, my honey, through all!"

I would be silent then, my heart chaining my voice. And because I was silent I would think all the more earnestly how true and beautiful was the love that so thanked God for a useless cripple, and how real the heroism that could make her endure her hard life with the saintly patience I saw every day, and which, without any words, taught me the way to bear my one cross. What was it to her numberless ones after all? And she was poor and uneducated, my dear mother, but I am sure no sublimer sentiments ever passed the lips of the most learned, than I have often heard from hers, brought there by the lofty power of her continual union with God; for that elevates and refines the soul, I am sure, beyond any words of mine to say. Gazing continually on the divine image, it grows more and more like it, which is infinitely noble and beautiful.

But, apart from this, some awful shadow seemed to rest upon my mother's life, some shadow no one could see, but which to herself was a constant presence. Even her sleep seemed haunted by it, for while she slept, she moaned always, and she would often come when she thought I slept, and passing her hand over my forehead, say, with inexpressible longing in her voice, "My honey, do I make up to her for it?" And then she would kneel and pray.

I can still often feel that light and tender touch on my forehead, and hear that longing voice, and the memory of them is dearer to me than all that my life has brought to me, since the hand and the voice can come no more. Indeed, I would give all back to be again in the desolate room, and know she was coming home to it once more. But then she would not be at rest as she is now.

I have written this principally to show you what manner of mother she was, who watched over my helpless and darkened life at this period. And I wish to add to it, that no sunshine ever came to me afterwards half so fair as that which went out with her life.

IV.

Eugene was very poor too. If he had not been, I do not suppose we would ever have come to know him. It was through a simple act of kindness on his part that we did so at all. My mother, carrying her heavy basket one evening, stumbled, and would have fallen, had not a gentleman passing put out his hand to break the fall. Then he took the basket from her, laying it down. As she strove to lift it again, it was found a strain on her wrist rendered it powerless. So he said, "I will carry it home for you." And my mother, who had been accustomed to serve ladies

and gentlemen, said he addressed her with as much politeness as if she were in a drawing-room, the finest lady there. She thanked him, and he carried it home for her. That gentleman was Eugene Woodruff, whom I now call my friend Eugene.

When they came up-stairs that day, he looked around the room at the bare discolored floor, at the worn furniture, at the broken, stained walls, finally at me, lying motionless on my poor bed with its faded coverlet. I do not know why, but it went to my heart, that he then turned away, putting up his hand before his eyes. It was more to me than if he had said all the kind and compassionate words in the language. In a moment after, he was busily binding up my mother's wrist, and pouring cold water over it. When the pain was relieved, she said, with a gentle way she had,

"You have been very kind, sir, and I thank you. Gertrude," and she turned her dear, pale face to me, "help me to thank him, my honey."

"I thank you, sir, with all my heart," said I, from my little prisoned spot; "my mother is all I have."

He came over near me, and looked. His face was the handsomest it had ever been my lot to see, though, to be sure, I had not seen many. He was very young, and had soft hazel eyes, full of light, and a high white forehead, and beautiful, curling, brown hair. I remember, as I saw his look of wondering pity, I wished he was my brother. He said gently,

"Have you been sick long?"

"Always," I replied; "I can never get up."

"So young! My God! how dare *I*"— There he stopped. Then, as if he could bear to look no longer, he turned away, and walked to the window.

"She was born a cripple, sir," said my mother; "yet she is the one blessing of my life."

He turned to her in amazement, very plain to see.

"Yes!" she clasped her hands, "I have to live for her as she is. If she could help herself one bit, she would not be so entirely the life of my life."

"And as it is?" said he, looking on her reverently I thought.

"As it is, sir, a hard life is made easy to bear, because, thank God! I bear it for her, not myself."

"What a lesson!" he said, as if to himself; "what a sight!"

Then he came back to me.

"And you cannot move?" he asked, in a half whisper.

"No, sir, except my hands and head."

"And what do you do all day? you cannot sit up?"

"Never; I lie, and think, and"— Here I grew ashamed.

"Tell me," he said, coaxingly; "it will teach me a lesson perhaps."

Then I took out a little slate and pencil I had hidden by me.

"Do not laugh, sir," I said, "for I know this is not writing, but the time is so long in passing, and I comfort myself pretending it is."

He looked at it in silence. I had covered it with an imitation of what I had seen written on such stray scraps of paper as my mother sometimes brought to me, knowing my passion for writing.

"How beautifully it is done!" he said then; "it seems to me like some perfect writing in an unknown language! Ah! poor child, it goes to my heart, this lovely writing without words, or even letters. What a story is in it! What a story! Do you spend all your time, when you are not thinking, in this?"

Then I took out, with much secret hesitation and embarrassment, another little thing I had hidden beside me. It was a bit of rag, on

which I was trying to make flowers and scallops, in imitation of the embroidery on some of the clothes my mother washed for ladies. I worked with ravellings from another bit of rag, which I twisted together instead of cotton; but it was not embroidery, though it was flowers done in a way of my own, and though it looked very nice, my object was not attained when it failed in being of the kind I imitated.

"What is this for?" said he, in a gentle tone I already liked to hear; "tell me all about it."

"I wanted to embroider, sir," I answered; "and that is the way I tried."

"And why did you want to embroider; to pass away the heavy time?"

"No; mother told me people paid very high for real embroidery, and I know, if I knew how, it would take me a long time to do even a small piece of it, for I cannot hold up my hands many minutes. But even if it took years, I wanted to do it, to get her a thing she longs for"— I stopped; I could not tell him then.

"Can you not tell me?" he asked very gently.

"No, sir; please don't ask."

"Now, how long were you doing this?" then said he.

"Nearly six months."

He laid it on the palm of his hand, viewing it all over.

"It is beautiful, exquisite, this flower made of ravellings so patiently and wonderfully. When it is finished—I see it is not quite finished—let me know. I will find a buyer."

"Not for this rag, sir. It must be done on fine muslin, with real cotton, to be sold!"

"No; that—just as it is." He laid it down like something very valuable, but I thought if he had been a lady instead of a gentleman, he would not have admired it so.

"Why did it take you so long?"

"I can only hold it up such a little while, and then I often have to rip it, from putting the needle in the wrong place, and then these threads break so often, and it takes me so long to thread the needle."

"Great heavens! So much for so little, and *I*"— He stopped as once before.

"It is not little, sir, what I want to do by it," I said then; "and if I ever do it"—

"You shall do it," he broke out; "only finish that little miraculous flower made so perfectly out of such materials. And this is all your recreation?"

I turned my eyes to the window. An old pitcher stood there, with a bunch of green growing in it, my pet and my pride.

"I watch that," said I; "it will have flowers some day."

He went over and examined it.

"Queer! A potato plant!" Now he laughed. So did I.

"Where did you get it?"

"A little child in the court below brought it to me. She had planted it herself. I am very fond of it, sir—next to my mother, I think I am fond of it. The leaves are so perfect and so beautiful to me, I could examine them all day, and never think I had then seen half how wonderful they are."

"And then?"

"Well, of course thinking who made them so has to come next, and I feel myself bowing down before Him; I cannot help it."

"Well?"

"I cannot just put it into words," said I, "but after that bowing down, I feel myself raised. Indeed, I feel as I were not a cripple at all."

"And you are not," said he, in a hushed way; "you are a princess ignobly chained here, and through this," touching lightly the poor common plant, "you have been enchanted into seeing a glimpse of your country, so your royalty rises

up and makes you cease for awhile to feel your chains."

Then he looked at the plant with eyes full of feeling, and I know, if they had not been those of a man, they would have melted to tears, but, though he did not let that happen, I felt they were ready to come. And a moment after I heard them in his voice, as he turned to go.

"May I come back?" said he to my mother; "it is indeed good for me to be here."

"You may, sir; and thank you."

After that, he became to me Eugene, my friend, and he said I saved him, but just then would not tell how. I know he was dearer to me than any one on earth except my mother, and his coming was happiness and sunlight to me. He taught me to read, and by that created a new world for me. He fixed from the ceiling a support for my book, so I need not tire my arms holding it. He showed me how to write really, and I created a world for myself by that quite as wonderful as the one I found in reading. Of course all this happened by degrees, and if I told it as slowly as it happened, and all its beautiful and cherished incidents, it would take a volume, not in place just here. But from what I have told, I think you will understand what Eugene became to us, and we to him. What we grew to be to each other was, I think, all the more precious and unchanging too, because it had its origin in the soul and heart, not affected by outward things at all, unless, indeed, that our mutual poverty made it more pure and intense. He ministered to the needs of my lonely, craving mind, filling it with what it had unconsciously missed since I could think,—knowledge. He said I ministered to his equally, though I could not make out what it needed, royal as it seemed to me.

At first it appeared very strange to me, to know that he, with his youth, and his talent, and his fine appearance, should be as poor as I, lying helpless on my bed always, and owning no gift of all those I knew God gave to others around me. But I found out such things are quite common in the world from which I am shut out; that it does not give its riches to those whom I might look upon as being made for them. And I thought often, if I could only have the power of action, I would compel success to crown my toil for them—I wanted them for my mother, you know. But I am told the will is not enough to compel success, and many who strive, and toil, and endure suffering for weary years, lie down at the end in a poor man's grave, and others by one sudden "stroke of luck," without any effort or merit of theirs, are made wealthy. So I said one day to Eugene, "Why did God make it so?"

And he curled his lips, that could smile so exquisitely in pity or tenderness, into a bitter laugh, and said,

"That is the galling problem of my life—I cannot answer it." Then I asked my dear mother, and she said,

"It is because he does not consider riches a gift needful for our getting to Heaven, my honey. Don't you know, if he did, he would always place them at least within the reach of honest labor, and never, as they often are, within the reach of cheatery and crime."

"Then they are not really worth our thoughts or our strivings, are they, mother?" said I.

"No, my honey; you see the only thing on earth worth our strivings he has placed within the reach of all."

"What, mother?"

"The right to Heaven. Every one can gain that."

I told Eugene, and he was silent a long while after, sitting leaning

his head on his hands. Then he stood quite as long at the foot of my bed, looking down at me. I will never forget that look; it was so completely and touchingly full of sorrow that seemed to me to hold in it something grander than common grief. So it did, for then said he,

"I think you understand all that tells to one whose life has been a lie upon such mercy. I stand nobly reproached, my Picciola. But I can say no more. There are things in the heart which words spoil, and this is one of them."

"Yes." Words would have spoiled what was in mine then. I think he saw it, for he was silent for some time, and I was glad to be. In a book he had brought me was this beautiful thought, "Silence followed the song like a tear." Such seemed that silence to me. It was delicious; it was more, it was heavenly, for within it God's presence deigned to veil itself, making ecstasy.

After awhile said he,

"I have never told you my story. I am now going to tell it to you and mother"—for a long time he had called her thus—"that you may see what you have done for me."

"I am glad. What is Picciola? You called me that just now. Why did you call me it?"

In beautiful language, peculiar to him when he narrated anything, he then told me Saintine's exquisite story, saying at the end,

"And you are to me in a captivity, not of bolts or bars, to be sure, but worse, what Picciola was to the poor prisoner."

"A very withered Picciola," said I, smiling, to hide the fact that my heart was weeping for joy to hear such touching words of my poor, crippled self. But he saw through the smile.

"Nay, dear Picciola, God keeps you here with his mighty hand from that which might wither your wonderful bloom. Not withered, indeed, but still fresh from the miracle of his touch, because untouched by the world."

It went to my heart—that is all I can say of it here, and in that moment I could say nothing.

V.

After a few moments more he told us his story. I cannot put it exactly in his words, but I will as nearly as I can, for they are so much better than my own.

"I do not know," he said, "that I could tell you *all* my unworthiness, but I see you so patient and so unconscious of the grand mission your patience has fulfilled in my regard, I know of no other way to let *you* see what you have done, obscurely working for your Master here, and I would have you see it. I liken it often in my own mind to the miracle achieved by an humble violet, hidden in the shades of a forest, where man was not supposed to penetrate, and yet the perfection of its beauty converted an infidel idly roaming there to the faith that won his salvation.

"I was not always as you see me. I was brought up to believe myself rich, kept at the best colleges, and surrounded by all those advantages consequent upon the possession of wealth. I am now twenty-one; two years ago—I was a mere boy then—the bitter trial came to my life, which made me—I will not say what—less than a man certainly.

"I do not remember my mother; if I had any word or look of hers to consecrate my heart, it might have striven to keep white, in order to be worthy of holding that memory. My father was one of those men who do not impress a child with the idea of father at all. He was to me the banker who liberally provided my funds; the arbiter who decided upon laws for my movements; the judge who sentenced

me if I infringed on those laws; that was about all. Wrapped up in business and in grief for my mother, the cause of whose death was my life, he and I lived our lives as far apart as if oceans divided us. He ordered things with the object of making me worthy to bear his name, but it never seemed to me I held any place in his heart.

"I was at college, and had just achieved its highest honors; laden with them, I was about to return home, when a telegram brought me the news of my father's sudden death, nothing more.

"I see you wonder at those words, used in connection with what, it seems to your good hearts, should form the record of an overwhelming trial. If nothing more really remained, it might have seemed so to me too.

"We learn the true measure of a grief by encountering a greater. Hard as was my father's indifference to me, his death might have come as a heavy blow if it had come alone. But when, penetrating through the shadow enshrouding the telegraphic message, I found its dread mystery to be not merely death, but dishonor and suicide, I felt not *its* weight, but theirs.

"He was one of your wonderful business men, whose ability might almost be called genius, at whom the others gaze in envying amazement, as from below a height not theirs to climb; a daring speculator, and a successful calculator of the ups and downs of money transactions. But often such men are suddenly thrown from the height to which they have climbed by its giving way, and in its very ruins they themselves are crushed beyond help.

"This was his fate. In plain words, he failed. But failure is not dishonor, and I could have borne it if it were all. The speculation was a mighty one though, and when it began to totter he used money to build it up—it is terrible to repeat it, even in the simplest way—money intrusted to him by poor and struggling and honest men and women in his employ. They had trusted him thus because he was their employer, and 'a safe business man.' This money, too, was buried with the crash when it came, and he escaped their execrations by suicide.

"So they were poured on me. I was surrounded by wailing women and infuriated men, whose all had been robbed from them. My heart was alike stung by the woful disgrace heaped upon me, and torn by their grief. I cursed my fate, I hid my name, vowing never to bear it again, and left the place, only saved from being lynched by the furious mob, of whose injury I was so innocent, by escaping secretly in the night.

"That was not all. I gave up the practice of religion, impiously deciding to myself, that if there were a God at all, he was neither just nor merciful, since, if he were just, I should not have been visited with the punishment of another's crime, and if he were merciful, he would have shown some mercy to my youth and hitherto unblemished name. Yes, turn aside those pure shocked eyes, my Picciola; despise me as I deserve. Then you will feel more intensely how great has been your mission to my degraded, almost ruined soul.

"According to this miserable code I resolved to live. I did not seek for any honorable situation, feeling myself a sort of outcast on earth. I assumed the name of Woodruff, and contented myself by writing 'items' for a third-class daily paper, lived in the poverty which was the only remuneration it afforded me, and gave myself up to the sins which a young, semi-idle, and wholly irreligious man cannot escape. For temptation is everywhere, and there is but one thing

in all the wide world to overcome it. I do not care how noble or great a man's mind may be; how much he may naturally feel inclined to keep his soul spotless; how strong his will, or how sincere his intention, it is simply impossible without that one thing. It is the grace of God. I had it not, and I would indeed be showing you a sight you must never even dream of, if I described to you my career. Ah! how frightened you look, my Picciola; but it is only thus I could show you what you have done for me.

"I cannot answer for others, but that life would eventually have led me to the refuge my father had taken. The very morning of the day I met mother, I had been gazing down into the river, thinking audaciously that it would only be an experiment after all, to try if the other life was any more satisfactory than this, and wondering if it hurt much to die by drowning. I walked away, determined to come back—indeed, to tell the truth, thinking I would wait until the darkness of night came to favor me. It used to be said long ago, at college—it seems so long ago now—that I had a good heart. Perhaps some vestiges of this remained to me, that moved me to assist poor mother, and offer to carry her basket home. Perhaps the tiny gem of charity, nearly defaced there, found a faint lustre from the act that caught some angel's eye, some angel of the numbers who, we are told, weep at the sinner's fall, and seeing it there, he pleaded it might be offered a chance of increase. Indeed, the angel might have been my mother's spirit—that it was some celestial guide led me here I feel certain.

"On that first day I saw you I could not find words to express how shocked I was, how utterly overwhelmed by the pathos of the scene, nor can I now find words to express its effect on me. Just as the exquisite, all-pervading sense of a delicious odor comes over you, as you enter where flowers are breathing their lives away, so the sense of holiness and purity comes over my heart when I enter this room even now, and it did so that day, compelling it to a feeling it had not known since my trial. And when I saw your terrible captivity, which you could not have done anything to deserve; when I looked upon your young face, beautiful with a purity coming from your entire ignorance of, or contact with, what tarnishes the spirit's robe of white; when I found out the patient work of the half helpless hands, pursued with a perseverance and resolution that amounted to heroism in my eyes; when I contemplated the youth shining from those wistful eyes, its light not all quenched by the shadow of your fate; when I stood touched and well-nigh weeping, before the unanswered longing for the beautiful, which found solace in cherishing the commonest of plants; when, in the midst of all this, I looked mentally beyond it, imagining the dower of maiden bloom, and grace, and hope that your years naturally owned, my very manhood blushed within me. I condemned myself. I, with that manhood, its power, its heritage of freedom, its wealth of endurance, was outdone by a motionless, suffering girl. The work of those wan fingers was a greater undertaking for them than the wiping out of my poor father's debts would have been to a man endowed with strength to labor, and yet I had not attempted this, and they had accomplished that. The burden laid upon that patient heart was more woful than mine, since I could lighten mine thus, and it must only grow heavier and heavier to the end, yet it was borne nobly. The trial to that soul's faith in God was greater than that offered me,

since he seemed to withhold from it every earthly gift, and on me he had bestowed many; yet it could seek his hand in the homely plant, and touching it by that faith, be raised above its sorrows. All this I could see notwithstanding the fact that I had reduced myself to so complete a state of spiritual blindness. I thought no more of the river. I set about acting like a man. I laid a plan for paying off my father's debts; it will take half an ordinary lifetime, unless some sudden turn of fortune comes to me, as it often does to other men. But, dear Picciola, if I ever feel like drawing back or failing by the way, I will look at your flower of ravellings, for it is I who will be its purchaser, and when I get it I will hold it as one of my most valued treasures."

Here Eugene stopped a moment, looking at me thoughtfully, and like one that searched for something. Then with his voice toned to indescribable sweetness, he added,

"Perhaps my Picciola may not quite understand this, but mother will; it is that my story holds one more leaf, little to tell, but most of all to me. In the happy time that seems so far away in the past now, there was one who held my heart in the hollow of her gentle hand, for there it laid itself unknown to her. I do not know if she would have thought it worth the keeping, for before I could tell her it waited there, the disgrace came, and with that for a bitter heritage I would not offer it in words. As I became lost in the mazes of a life that defied God, I did not dare to let my thoughts dwell on this one. To keep them from doing so was a hard and woful piece of penance, but I could not bring a memory of her into a heart so blackened; it seemed sacrilege." Now he folded his hands quietly, like one about to rest, and a lovely look of peace came over his face. "I can take the sweet thoughts in, when, like birds from heaven's own garden, I hear the fluttering of their wings at my heart. Even to be fit to think of her is a priceless privilege, and that too you have brought to me, my Picciola, with the rest. And though I know it must come, that she will be the light and blessing of some more worthy life than mine, long before I can be free to offer her my love, still do I prize this privilege as dearest to me on earth."

When he had gone home that night, my mother said,

"What a fine talker he is, Gertrude. A body would think he was reading it all out of a book."

And I, who had been reading books, and often compared his way of telling things with the way I found them told there, always thinking his as beautiful as any—I wish I could exactly reproduce it here, but I cannot—said,

"Indeed, that is just the truth, mother. Only you know, Eugene imagines most of that about me. I scarcely know myself, or my rag flower, or the plant, or the room, the way he talks about us."

"But he's right about my honey's goodness!" Her dear eyes filled.

"No, mother, I am not so patient as I seem to him and to you. I wildly long for what others have, often—often! And at those times it takes all the strength of my will, and all the memories of what you have taught me, to say even a few words of prayer. If I were what you both think, I could pray without an effort."

My mother shook her head. I knew there was no use in pursuing the subject. It was clear that her mind was fixed on it. And after a little silence, said I,

"Why did he think I wouldn't understand about the one he loves, and you would? Tell me, mother."

"He knew I had loved that way, my honey, and you"—

"What, mother?"

"God has put such love out of your reach."

"But I love you, mother."

"It is not like you love me."

"Well, I love Eugene, then."

"Not like that either."

"Like what, then?"

Those dear eyes filled once more, and the heavy drops gathered in a moment and fell, a great sorrow and a look that spoke worship for some one unnamed in words, creeping over her face.

"Like I loved James," she said simply, and stood up and left me for awhile. I knew James meant my father; I knew she went to let more tears fall, where no one could watch them; I knew all the answer meant, knowing how really her heart buried itself in his grave.

I thought about it most of the night; I seldom slept much at night. And I thought, at the end, of these words:

"Greater love than this no man hath, that he lay down his life for another."

I would have laid down my life for Eugene. It would have seemed very little to me if I could have made him happy by it. I wondered who was the one he loved so dearly, and thought to myself, if she loved him right, she would not mind his disgrace, since he was working so hard to retrieve it, and had never deserved it. I thought if I could only find her I would tell her how brave and noble he was, and if I persuaded her to stay with him and help him, what joy I could bring him, and what a full return it would be for all his goodness to me.

That was my sweet castle in the air.

(To be concluded.)

LETTERS TO A PROTESTANT FRIEND,

GIVING A BRIEF HISTORY OF PROTESTANTISM AND OF CHURCH-OF-ENGLANDISM IN THE WORDS OF PROTESTANTS.

THIRD LETTER.

DEAR SIR: "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit, and the evil tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can an evil tree bring forth good fruit." Matt. 7. If this principle cannot be called in question by any person sound in mind, what kind of company does common prudence require us to expect in the train of such a postilion as Henry VIII; of such "a postilion," says Burnet, "in his waxed boots and oiled coat, lashing his horses through thick and thin, and bespattering all about him?" The Holy Scriptures answer, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Mr. Richard Baxter, the author of the *Saint's Everlasting Rest*, in his historical discourse of apparitions and witches, applies the principle just mentioned in the following bold manner: "There hath been many enthusiasts that Satan hath notoriously deluded by pretended angelical revelation for some increase of knowledge. You may find many sad instances in Epiphanius, and other histories of old heretics. And few ages since have been without such. The madness of John of Leyden's rebels showed it. Satan's hand was notorious in

the delusions of David George in Holland, and of Hacket, Coppinger, and Arthington here (in England). The horrid wickedness of the Ranters here proclaimed him to be their teacher. When the Quakers first arose here their societies began like witches with quaking and vomiting, and infecting others with breathing on them, and tying ribbons on their hands. And their actions as well as their doctrine showed their master. When some, as prophesying, walked through the streets naked, and some vainly undertook to raise the dead (as Susan Pierson, of Worcester), and usually they disturbed and publicly reviled the most godly ministers worse than the most debauched of the rabble did."

It is my intention to place before you the tree of the Reformation in full bearing, that you may judge of it by its fruits, and that by its fruit you may know it. "We shall come to hear of occurrences that have been matter of talk to this day, whereof the like have never been seen, and will hardly be believed when they are heard. A marriage dissolved after twenty years' consummation! Houses built in piety under pretence of piety dissolved! Queens taken out of love, put to death out of loathing! And the Church itself so shaken, that it has stood in distraction ever since!" (Baker's Chron.)

There are some facts which I could not state without interrupting the recital of the divorce. I will now mention them before I resume the history of Henry's separation from the Church.

Lord Herbert.—"In 1530 the Scriptures were translated into divers languages, and into English by Tindal, Joy, and others, though as not having been warranted by the king's authority, they were publicly burnt, and a new translation promised to be set forth and allowed to the people. Not a few inconveniences were observed to follow; for as the people did not sufficiently separate the more clear and necessary parts thereof from the obscure and accessory, and as again, taking the several authors to be equally inspired, they did equally apply themselves to all; they fell into many dangerous opinions, little caring how they lived, so they understood well, bringing religion into much irresolution and controversy. While few men agreeing on the same interpretation of the harder places, vexed each other's consciences, appropriating to themselves the gift of the Spirit. Because divers, not content with this or any moderate reformation, did (through the violence of their spirits) run into those extremities, as they labored to draw all the doctrine of the Church into a perverse sense, much occasion of controversy was given; while they who endeavored a peace so little prevailed as (for the most part) like those who part affrays, they bore blows on either side. In which doubtful times Henry put in execution all former laws against heretical books and persons; whereby one Thomas Bilney, declaring himself with great vehemency against the Catholic Church, was condemned to be burnt, and shortly after, for the same cause, Bayfield, a priest, and Baynham, a lawyer." (Hist. of Henry.)

Cobbett. — "Having provided himself with so famous a judge (Cranmer) in ecclesiastical matters, the king lost, of course, no time in bringing the hard case before him, and demanding justice at his hands! . . . . . What I am going to relate of Cranmer and the other parties concerned in the transaction, is calculated to make us shudder with horror, to make our bowels heave with loathing, to make us turn our eyes from the paper, and to resolve to read no further. But we must not give way to these feelings, if we have a mind to know the true his-

tory of the Protestant 'reformation.' We must keep ourselves cool; we must reason ourselves out of our ordinary impulses; we must beseech nature to be quiet within us for awhile; for from first to last, we have to contemplate nothing that is not of a kind to fill us with horror and disgust. . . . The king had had Anne Boleyn about three years 'under his protection,' when she became for the first time with child. There was now, therefore, no time to be lost in order to 'make an honest woman of her.' A private marriage took place in January, 1533. As Anne's pregnancy could not be long disguised, it became necessary to avow her marriage; and consequently to press onward the trial for divorce." (Hist. of Refor.)

BURNET.—"First, Cranmer wrote to the king that the world had been long scandalized with his marriage, and that it lay on him as his duty to see it tried and determined; therefore he craved his royal leave to proceed in it." (Hist. of Refor.)

COBBETT.—"Matchless, astonishing hypocrite! He knew, and the king knew that he knew, and he knew that the king knew that he knew, that the king had been actually married to Anne three months before! The king graciously condescended to listen to this ghostly advice of his pious primate, who was so anxious about the safety of his royal soul; and without delay, he, as Head of the Church, granted the ghostly father, Cranmer, who, in violation of his clerical vows, had, in private, a woman of his own; to this ghostly father the king granted a license to hold a spiritual court for the trial of the divorce. Queen Catherine, who had been ordered to retire from the court, resided at this time at Ampthill, in Bedfordshire, a little distance from Dunstable. At this latter place Cranmer opened his court, and sent a citation to the queen to appear before him, which citation she treated with the scorn it deserved." (Hist. of Refor.)

COLLIER.—"Dr. Heylin mentions a letter of Cranmer's to Cromwell on this occasion. The letter, transcribed from the Cotton library, imports a resolution of Cranmer's coming to a final sentence on the 18th of May. And here Cranmer conjures Cromwell and the king not to divulge so great a *secret;* for he was afraid such a discovery might bring the Princess-dowager (he means Queen Catherine) to Dunstable, and that her appearing in court either at or before the time of *sentence*, might perplex the affair, and put them all to a stand; but by her not appearing this danger was over, and the matter went as the king would have it." (Hist.)

COBBETT.—"When he had kept his 'court' open the number of days required by law, he pronounced sentence against the queen, declaring her marriage *null from the beginning;* and having done this, he closed his farcical court. We shall see him doing more jobs in the divorcing line, but this he finished the first. The result of this *trial* was, by this incomparable *judge*, made known to the king, whom this wonderful hypocrite gravely besought to *submit himself with resignation to the will of God*, as declared to him in this decision of the *spiritual court*, acting according to the laws of the Holy Church! The *pious* and *resigned* king yielded to the admonition; and then Cranmer held another court at London, at which he declared that the king had been lawfully married to Anne Boleyn, and that he now confirmed the marriage by his *paternal* and *judicial* authority, which he derived from the successors of the *Apostles!* We shall see him by and by, exercising the same authority to declare the new marriage *null and void from the beginning.*" (Hist. of Refor.)

COLLIER.—"By the Act of Succession the king's marriage with the Lady Catherine, who is now styled only princess-dowager, is declared void, the marriage with Queen Anne affirmed, and her issue made inheritable to the crown. And for the establishment of the succession thus established, all persons of full age are bound to swear to maintain this act. And the refusing this oath is made misprision of treason. . . . Upon the rising of the Parliament, commissioners were appointed to require the oath of succession in their respective counties. They met with a general compliance; but when it was tendered to Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas Moore, late Lord-Chancellor, they refused to go the whole length of what was demanded. They were ready to swear to the *succession*, but not to the whole act. The offensive passages in this statute seem to be these, viz.: The Parliament pronouncing against the dispensation with the first marriage; secondly, their declaring for the legality of Cranmer's proceedings in the divorce; and, thirdly, there were some broad satirical expressions against the Pope's supremacy. . . . Some of the religious went farther in their opposition to the second marriage." (Eccl. Hist.)

COBBETT.—"There were many of the parochial clergy, and a large portion of the monks and friars, who were not acquiescent, or silent. These, by their sermons and conversations, made the truth pretty well known to the people at large; and though they did not succeed in preventing the calamities which they saw approaching, they rescued the character of their country from the infamy of *silent submission*.

"Of all the duties of the historian, the most sacred is that of recording the character of those who have stood forward to defend helpless innocence against the attacks of powerful guilt. This duty calls on us to make particular mention of the two *friars*, Peyto and Elstow. The former, preaching before the king at Greenwich, just previous to his marriage with Anne, and taking for his text the passage in the first book of Kings, where Micaiah prophesies against Ahab, who was surrounded with flatterers and lying prophets, said: 'I am that Micaiah whom you will hate, because I must tell you truly that this marriage is unlawful, and I know that I shall eat the bread of affliction, and drink the water of sorrow, yet, because our Lord hath put it in my mouth, I must speak it. Your flatterers are the four hundred prophets, who, in the spirit of lying, seek to deceive you; but take good heed, lest you, being seduced, find Ahab's punishment, which was to have his blood licked up by dogs. It is one of the greatest miseries of princes to be daily abused by flatterers.' The king took this reproof in silence; but the next Sunday a Dr. Curwin preached before the king in the same place, and having called Peyto dog, slanderer, base, beggarly friar, rebel, and traitor, and having said that he had *fled* for fear and shame, Elstow, who was present, and who was a fellow-friar of Peyto, called out aloud to Curwin, and said: 'Good sir, you know that Father Peyto is now gone to a provincial council at Canterbury, and not fled for fear of you, for to-morrow he will return. In the meanwhile, I am here as another Micaiah, and will lay down my life to prove all these things true which he hath taught out of Holy Scriptures, and to this combat I challenge thee before God and all equal judges. Even unto thee, Curwin, I say, which art one of the four hundred false prophets, into whom the spirit of lying is entered, and seekest by adultery to establish a succession, betraying the king into endless perdition.' Stowe, who relates this in his chron-

icle, says that Elstow waxed hot, so that they could not make him cease his speech until the king himself bade him hold his peace. The two friars were brought the next day before the king's council, who rebuked them, and told them that they deserved to be put in a sack, and thrown into the Thames. Whereupon, Elstow said, smiling: 'Threaten these things to rich and dainty persons, who are clothed in purple, fare deliciously, and have their chiefest hope in this world; but we esteem them not, but are joyful that for the discharge of our duty, we are driven hence, and with thanks to God we know the way to heaven to be as ready by water as by land.' It is impossible to speak with sufficient admiration of the conduct of these men. Ten thousand victories by sea or land would not bespeak so much heroism in the winners of these victories as was shown by these friars. If the bishops, or only a fourth part of them, had shown equal courage, the tyrant would have stopped in that career which was now on the eve of producing so many horrors." (Hist. of Refor.)

We have now reached the period when the first and principal stone in the fabric of the Church of England was solemnly laid. Hitherto we have been clearing away the ground, digging out the earth for the foundations, and searching out the real and undisguised motives which led to this horrible measure. We have seen a young king commence his reign with the most flattering prospects of glory and happiness to his people. Handsome in person, brilliant in abilities, excelling in various accomplishments, rich in his revenue, and devotedly attached to the faith of his ancestors and of Christendom, he stood the envy of surrounding monarchs, and the idol of his own subjects. Had death snatched him away in these his bright and youthful days, we agree with Southey, his loss would have been deeply lamented as a national calamity. But amidst the dissipation of a gay and splendid court, the reins with which he had bridled his passions were gradually loosened, until the wise and Christian king sunk into the odious and *blasé* slave of sensual pleasures. Everything must now bend to his stubborn will, because his tyrant passions which control him are impatient under the least restraint. Public decency must be set aside, a marriage of twenty years' standing dissolved without sufficient cause, and a new one contracted before the divorce can in any way, right or wrong, be procured. And because the Bishop of Rome, the common father of the faithful, will not truckle to his impure passions, and, in violation of all justice, set him at liberty from his lawful wife, that he may marry another more congenial to his wishes, he will trample upon the faith of his people, change their religion to one more suitable to his own corrupted heart, and, with threats of immediate and ignominious death to every one that should dare to impugn his measures, make himself the supreme head of it, that henceforth no obstacle may oppose his views, and thwart his darling inclinations. We have watched the preparations which he has been making for the accomplishment of this lamentable purpose. Several acts of Parliament, trespassing upon the rights of the Church and of the Holy See, were passed during the process of the divorce. But these we will not notice, because, in a certain measure, they are set aside by the act which finally settles upon Henry and his successors the supremacy, next under God, both in spirituals and temporals, of the Church in England. We will now lay before you this memorable act.

Collier.—"Albeit the king's

majesty justly and rightly is, and ought to be, supreme head of the Church of England, and is recognized by the clergy of this realm in their convocations; yet, nevertheless, for corroboration and confirmation thereof, and for increase of virtue in Christ's religion in the realm of England, and to repress and extirpate all errors, heresies, and other enormities and abuses heretofore used in the same, be it enacted, by the authority of the present Parliament, that the king, our sovereign lord, his heirs and successors, kings of this realm, shall be taken, accepted, and reputed the only supreme head on earth of the Church of England, called *Anglicana Ecclesia*, and shall have and enjoy annexed and united to the imperial crown of this realm, as well the title and style thereof, as all honors, dignities, immunities, profits, and commodities, to the said dignity of supreme head of the said Church belonging and appertaining. And that our said sovereign lord, his heirs and successors, kings of this realm, shall have full power and authority, from time to time, to visit, repress, redress, reform, order, correct, restrain, and amend all such errors, heresies, abuses, contempts, and enormities, whatsoever they be, which by any manner of spiritual authority or jurisdiction ought or may lawfully be reformed, repressed, ordered, redressed, corrected, restrained, or amended most to the pleasure of Almighty God, the increase of virtue in Christ's religion, and for the conservation of the peace, unity, and tranquillity of this realm, any usage, custom, foreign laws, foreign authority, prescription, or any thing or things to the contrary hereof notwithstanding." (Stat. 26, H. VIII, cap. i.)

The name given to the Parliament institution for the transaction of religious business is the *Church of England by law established.* This ever was and ever will be its true, proper, and distinctive name. It is not pretended that it was founded by Christ or by his Apostles, but by law, that is, by acts of Parliament. Now the act of Parliament which has just been cited, and which confers on Henry VIII the spiritual supremacy of the so-called Church in his own dominions, is the first of a series of acts of Parliament which comprise the beginning, the progress, and final settlement of the false religion established by law in England. It is the first and the most important act, inasmuch as the foundation is always the most important part of the edifice.

In the year, therefore, 1534, King Henry VIII and his Parliament, not Christ, nor any one of his Apostles, nor Apostles' successors, but Henry VIII and his Parliament, marked out the boundary, and laid the foundation-stone of the New (so-called) Church of England. Here, then, is a public and notorious fact which is proclaimed by act of Parliament, and which stands recorded in the statute-book of England to this day, and which no one who is not ready with the ancient Pyrrhonists to deny his own existence can call in question.

In the year 1534, after the Church of Christ, "built upon the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone" (Ephes. 11:20), had been established 1501 years (that is, from our Lord's death, in the year 33 of the Christian era), is commenced the *new religion of the established Church in England.* Here we have the birth, and the day of the birth, of the child, called by the fond name of *Reformation* in England, and which child was the younger sister to Reformation on the Continent of Europe. We have, therefore, arrived at a memorable period in this history. "The clergy of the Church of England,"

says Blackstone, in his Commentaries, "look up to the king as *their head*, to the Parliament as *their lawgiver*, and pride themselves in nothing more justly than in being true members of the Church, *emphatically by law established.*" We have just read the first law which was proclaimed by Parliament in the fabrication of this much-boasted English establishment; and we have seen the motives which suggested this law, the anger and disappointment of a lustful king, in not obtaining from the Supreme Pontiff a divorce from his lawful wife, with permission to marry another more agreeable to his unhallowed wishes; and I now solicit attention to the consideration of this law. But first I wish to observe, that this act of Parliament deprives the English establishment of every claim to the name of *Catholic* or *Universal*, which is attached to the Church mentioned in the Apostles' Creed. First, with respect to time. This act was passed in the year 1534. The Catholic Church commenced in the year 33. Secondly, with respect to place. This act extends only to the dominions under the crown of England. The so-called Church, therefore, established by this law, can extend only as far as the law extends, consequently it must be an establishment limited to one, or at most, to few places, and not to the Church diffused universally throughout the world, by the commission which was given by Christ to his Apostles: "Going, teach ye all nations," Matt. 28. Thirdly, with respect to pastors. This act pretends to give to the king and his heirs, be they men, women, or children, that ecclesiastical authority and jurisdiction which were conferred by Christ on his Apostles, and on their successors, and on *them only*. "He gave," says St. Paul, "some apostles, and some prophets, and other some evangelists, and other some pastors and doctors, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ; until we all meet in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the age of the fulness of Christ; that henceforth we be no more children tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the wickedness of men, by cunning craftiness, by which they lie in wait to deceive." Eph. 4. In this list of rulers in the purely spiritual government of Christ's Church, kings are not so much as mentioned, or in any way indicated, much less queens, and much less children. Fourthly, with respect to name. This act of Parliament, in conjunction with others, fixes upon the English establishment its proper and distinctive appellation—not the Church Catholic, but the *Church established by law*.

COLLIER.—"This act (now under consideration) grants the king full power and authority to visit, order, and reform all heresies, abuses, &c. This clause declares the king supreme ordinary, and makes him, and by consequences those commissioned by him, judges of heresy, and puts ecclesiastical jurisdiction in their hands; and yet by the twentieth article of the Reformation, *the* (English law) *Church is said to have power to decree rites or ceremonies, and authority in controversies of faith.* This article pronounces the Church the judge in matters of faith, and seems to contradict the statute before us. But, notwithstanding this inconsistency, the thirty-nine articles are not only confirmed by the *ratification* of two kings, but likewise by an act of Parliament in the reign of Elizabeth.

"In the aforesaid act, a power is given to the king, with the advice

of the major part of thirty-two persons, whereof sixteen to be laymen, to reform all the old canons and decrees of the Church. . . . One of those laws, very remarkable, and particularly belonging to his Majesty's supreme authority in causes ecclesiastical, is this: *The king has and may exercise full and complete jurisdiction, both civil and ecclesiastical, over archbishops, bishops, &c., as well as over the laity, within his own dominions. All jurisdiction, ecclesiastical as well as secular, is derived from him, as from the same and only fountain of both.* And this great and fundamental maxim for ecclesiastical jurisdiction in the Church of England (by law established), is founded upon the express words of several statutes, giving all manner of spiritual and ecclesiastical authority to the king, and taking it away from the bishops, except it be by dependence and delegacy from him, explained and more particularly set down in 1 Eliz., cap. i.

"Amongst these jurisdictions it is evident, that excommunications, suspensions, and deprivations, *ab officio*, and all manner of dispensations belonging to the Church, are to be understood annexed to the king, . . . consequently we find the king and Parliament authorizing archbishops and bishops, &c., by virtue of their act, to take informations concerning the not using of the form of common prayer, and to punish the same by excommunication. And in statute 5 and 6 of Edw. VI, cap. i, concerning the *new* common prayer-book, it is enacted, that by virtue of that act, the archbishops and bishops should punish by censure of the Church (so called) all persons who shall offend this clause, . . . implies that the bishops might not excommunicate and use the church censures for that matter, without the king and Parliament's license, and ought to execute in all matters wherein the king and Parliament command. Now for the exercise of this supreme jurisdiction, it was enacted, both in Henry's reign and Queen Elizabeth's, that the king shall have full power and authority to name and authorize by commission under his broad seal, such person or persons as his Majesty shall think meet, so they be born subjects of England, to execute under his Majesty all manner of jurisdictions, &c., to visit, reform, and amend all such errors, heresies, schisms, &c. . . . In the same statute of Queen Elizabeth, it is added, that the branches, sentences, and words of the several acts made in Henry VIII's time, touching supremacy, and every one of them shall be deemed and taken to extend to her highness, her heirs and successors, as fully and as largely as ever the said acts did extend to the late Henry VIII. Whereby it appears, that though the title head was left off, yet the supreme authority ecclesiastical was united and annexed to the imperial crown of England, in Elizabeth's time, as fully and largely as ever King Henry enjoyed it; in some respect more advantageously.

"And by virtue of this supremacy, Henry VIII did constitute Cromwell his Vicar-General, in spiritual and ecclesiastical causes, to visit, reform, and censure all manner of persons; . . . which Vicegerent or Vicar-General is in Parliament to take the place of the Archbishop of Canterbury; and in the synods or convocations of the clergy, subscribes his name before the said archbishop, &c., and all this, though the said Vicar-General be a *lay* and *married* person. By virtue of this supremacy ecclesiastical, the king's majesty is made the ultimate judge of heresy, and the determiner of what is agreeable or repugnant to God's law; and all his subjects are obliged to receive, observe, and submit unto

the godly instructions and determinations set forth by his majesty. And if any spiritual person or persons shall preach or teach contrary to the determinations which are or shall be set forth by his majesty, that then every such offender offending the third time shall be deemed and judged a heretic, and shall suffer pains of death by burning.

"This great prerogative of his majesty's supremacy may be further manifested by Henry's last speech, made in Parliament not long before his death; that his majesty would not suffer the Scripture to be wrested and defaced by any glosses, or any authority of doctors or councils. By virtue of this supremacy, Henry put forth (A.D. 1536) certain *injunctions* concerning matters of faith and discipline, &c.; Edward VI also, by his councils, set forth his *injunctions* (nothing being deterred herein because of his non-age—a youth of nine or ten years of age—though this was much sued for by some of the bishops)... At last, by proclamation put forth September 23d, he inhibited the whole clergy throughout the kingdom to preach in open audience, in the pulpit or otherwise, because that his majesty minded to settle very shortly one uniform order throughout his realm, and to put an end to all controversies in religion. . . . Elizabeth likewise sent forth her injunctions (A.D. 1559), before she had any clergy to sit in convocation, as she did afterwards, under the title of the queen's *articles of visitation*, and her *admonition*. All which makes it evident, that his majesty may devise, publish, and constrain to be observed, such injunctions as may stable Christian quietness and unity amongst his people, and rectify their judgments in things that they *ought to believe and practice*, according to the examples of his royal predecessors, the supreme heads and governors of this Church." (Collier's Eccles. Hist., vol. 2, part 2, book 2.)

Am I not right then, sir, in calling that act of Parliament which made Henry VIII supreme and absolute head of the Church, the foundation and corner-stone of the Church of England, by law established? And might not Henry say, with some degree of truth,

"Sic volo, sic jubeo, stat pro ratione voluntas."
JUVENAL, *Sat.*
"I have the sovereign power to save or kill,
And give no other reason but my will."

TO AND FROM "THE CITY OF FOGS."

WHEN "tired nature sinks to rest," obedience is paid to a law which few can dare oppose, and fewer can successfully resist. Man in his most grasping moods may do more than his physical energies justify him in attempting, but he does so only to find in the long run that laws which a higher power than he has established will claim their own. 'Tis when convinced of such a law that the student, whose love of labor has been too strong for his desire for average repose, retires to the woods and the lakes, to the mountains and the valley streams, there to woo his lost treasure where nature's choicest gifts are offered, and thence to return a wiser as well as a healthier man, to his ordinary avocation, having learned the lesson, true in every condition of life, and of labor as of wealth, that "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

The quiet spirit pervading Qua-

kerdom is not sufficient to prevent some people from taking things anything but coolly; the result is that even from this healthiest of cities, some of its denizens must "hie them away" for awhile to the woodland and the lake, as did the writer of this pen-and-ink sketch a few weeks ago, in company with a number of friends, who, like himself, had determined to throw dull care away, and look forward only to the anticipated pleasures of the new future.

Seated in one of Pullman's palace cars, we listened with unfeigned pride to the complimentary remarks, made by more than one stranger, on the beauty and strength of our new bridge across the dividing water of the magnificent Park. No little regret was expressed by more than one, that so much of the effect to be produced by the appearance of that part of the Park nearest to the passage of the train should be marred by long lines of ungainly cars, whose unpainted exterior, and not unfrequently uncleaned interior, offers a disagreeable contrast to the beauties of nature to be seen all about.

On this train were also the well-known "Athletic nine," about to try their strength with the "Boston champions." What may be the conduct of these athletic young men as professional baseball players, it would be impossible for one utterly unacquainted with them to say, but curiosity led us and others to listen for quite awhile to their running conversation, and it affords him decided pleasure to state that not one slang or vulgar expression escaped their lips during more than an hour's unguarded conversation among themselves.

For the business man, New York is the Mecca of his desires, but for the healthseeker, or the pleasure tourist, it possesses very little within its limits, save the Central Park and its splendid drives, to induce one to remain longer than may be absolutely required. A few hours spent in awaiting the Fall River Line boat, and we were comfortably seated in the "City of Providence," listening at our leisure to the strains of a miniature orchestra or band, which this enterprising line keeps on its steamers. The music generally furnished by these itinerant musicians is such as the ordinary listener can enjoy, being void of the elaborate finish which requires an educated ear to thoroughly appreciate.

At this point of our trip we were met by two sisters of St. Joseph, who looked for all the world as though they needed a temporary protector. Perched away in a corner of the vessel, they seemed far from doing what they assured us they had been sent to travel for, by Right Rev. Bishop Gross, of Savannah,—to enjoy themselves.

After a short but informal introduction, they seemed to feel quite at home, and it struck us as peculiarly gratifying, that a mere conversation of a moment, and, so to speak, a certification of identity, should only have been necessary to make these good ladies feel that they were with a true though an unknown friend.

Had any of those cavillers who take delight in speaking of the supposed ignorance of these religious women, had they spoken as we did to these ladies for several hours, on every class of topic, historical, literary, and theological, and heard the shrewdness of their remarks, the aptness of their answers, and the depth of their counter-questions, we feel that some few converts would have been made to the ranks of those who believe that those who consecrate themselves to God for the purpose of training youth, are not unfaithful to the spirit of their calling, but devote

all their spare moments to the perfecting and increasing of acquired knowledge.

As an American citizen we were not prepared to meet armed defenders of the Crown on one of America's fastest steamers, but it is our duty, as an impartial observer, to assert that we found numberless "red-coats" stowed away in the very apartments given us by the urbane purser, in which to repose our weary limbs. What was worse, is the fact that next morning, before taking the cars at Fall River, we desired to remove the stains of the inglorious conflict we had waged with these practiced veterans, but found that though we had been in an immense body of water for twelve hours, none of that cheap fluid could be had wherewith to make ourselves as we wished others to see us.

Next time we travel on these boats we hope the proprietors shall renew their allegiance to the stars and stripes, and making use of the former to apply the latter, clear out once and forever those animated denizens of the nooks and corners from the couch we shall be called upon to inhabit therein till the "wee hours of the morning."

In connection with our trip on this magnificent steamer it may also be well to say a word about the pernicious system that has taken so strong a foothold in all American hotels and public conveyances. We allude to the subsidizing of clerks and waiters for the purpose of receiving even a fair share of attention. The practice has now so far obtained that it is next to impossible to secure even a good meal, at a public table, without first subsidizing the waiter at your elbow.

It must have struck every American with sorrow to perceive, as we did, in looking at the flags along the harbor, how few of the vessels bear the stars and stripes at their masthead. Here and there an odd vessel may be found with our national colors floating to the breeze, but this is the exception and not the rule.

Along the course our attention was drawn to the spot near which the work of excavation is going on preparatory to the blowing up of the immense beds of rock, the removal of which will entitle Americans to the glory of having solved that most difficult of problems, opening "Hell-gate." It also struck us as somewhat strange that so many should be going away from New York in search of health, when every rock and board, whose front presented itself to view, told of those infallible cures for man and beast, all of which may be procured at any drug store, and thus might the vital energies be renewed. Centaur Liniment, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, Sozodont, Holloway's Pills, Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, Winslow's Baby Tonic, Helmbold's Buchu, and a thousand other drugs met us, in glowing colors, at all points and in every direction.

It is a pity that all on board were obliged to leave for the train, unwashed and uncombed, for this added a shade to the already disagreeable road between Fall River Station and Boston.

The "Hub" has been so often described that nothing new can be said here, save that in the matter of public conveyances Boston is infinitely ahead of Philadelphia, and almost equally so ahead of New York. Her street cars, open and closed, are models of neatness. You may stand beside the drivers or the conductors, and feel that they are at least dressed like gentlemen. The streets also seem much better cared for than those of the two great centres of population, while her people, like those of our own Quaker City, are models of politeness.

The trip from Boston to Bangor (Maine) offers little worthy of remark, except that the young lady

travellers devour cheap novels, and the less said of the road from Bangor to St. John, N.B., the better. It was with no ordinary feeling of relief, therefore, that we stepped up and hurried out of these modern prison houses, known as "first-class" cars, when the conductor cried out, "Ferry for St. John."

Any one who has not visited the "City of Fogs" should do so at as early a date in the coming summer as his purse and his leisure will allow. Its bracing night air, its splendid lakes within a few miles of the city, its fine drives, and its enterprising merchants, will all afford the traveller much pleasure and information. Among its rich men will be found several from Ireland, whose energy and tact have rendered them worthy of the highest esteem. Prominent among these may be mentioned Mr. John McSweeney, whose simplicity of manners, generosity in every good cause, and charity for the poor, are matters of general remark. His example is worthy of special comment, and affords another illustration of the fact that in the Dominion, as in the States, any one who will take the means will succeed in securing an honorable competency.

No one should leave St. John without visiting Ben Lomond Lake, a beautiful body of water, one of many such around the town, and really a most beautiful place to spend a few days. The fishing is good, boat charges exceedingly moderate, while excellent food and lodging may be obtained from the proprietor of the Ben Lomond House, Mr. Bunker, for one dollar per day.

There is a nuisance, known as the Mahogany Road Bridge, on which a very onerous tax is required *at each end of the bridge*. Doubtless the intelligence of the authorities will see the necessity of removing this cause of complaint, by the purchase of the bridge from the company now holding it, or by a compromise requiring toll to be paid only at one end.

The chief Catholic church, the Cathedral, is worthy of notice. Its cross-topped spire may be seen at a great distance, and its imposing appearance will be pretty well sustained by a visit to the interior. The floor is rather near the rocky ground on which it is placed, and which must render it very disagreeable in winter. The music furnished by the choir is not what might be expected in such a thriving city, the organist's part being in our judgment unusually poorly sustained. The soprano was entirely too boisterous, even the bass and tenor being a kind of *sotto voce* concern in comparison. The alto singer pleased us best.

Education is receiving considerable attention. Letters without number are written to the papers on this subject, while the cross-fire kept up by Messrs. Anglin and Early on this subject, if not very effective, is at least amusing.

A trip to Fredericton, about a hundred miles we should think from St. John, will amply repay the time and money expended. It is a charming little place, and no one who wishes to see something worth remembering should forget to visit a small village about three or four miles from Fredericton, and known as Gibsonville. The village is called after a gentleman named Gibson, who has erected a large number of neat and substantial houses for the hands employed in his lumber mills. He has also erected a school, a pastor's and a teacher's residence, and what is without question the most elaborately finished and neatly designed chapel of its kind in America. When a man takes such trouble in securing the moral and physical comfort of his servants success must perch upon his colors, and accord-

ing to all report, the little village of Gibsonville is a strict exemplification of the motto that "many hands make light work," and that the good treatment of employés is the key to their affections.

We were particularly charmed by the thick green tuft grass which springs from the projecting rock, as you leave by the steamer from St. John for Fredericton. "These very rocks," thought we, "pay a tribute of homage to their Creator, while man, with heart harder than the rock, fails to recognize and to acknowledge the goodness of that infinitely wise Maker who has formed the rock as well as the flower for man's use and benefit.

From St. John to Point du Chene by railway is pleasant riding. The scenery along this route is superb, and the cars well furnished save the exchange, which is taken a few miles from the Point. If you have the misfortune, as we had, of arriving a few hours before the entrance of the steamship into Du Chene harbor, you must expect rather poor hotel accommodation. The proprietor of Point du Chene House delights in not noticing his boarders, save at the end of meals, when he wakes up to get his pay.

All along these routes very good meals are furnished at remarkably low figures. In the States, restaurant keepers along the line have no hesitancy in charging seventy-five cents or a dollar for a very poor meal, while in any part of the Provinces an excellent repast may be had, with time enough to eat it, for half the sum. Some idea of the travel gone through may be obtained by examining the registers in such country hotels as that at the Point. We found the names of an officer and his lady from Idaho, merchants from Salt Lake City, Denver, Kansas, St. Louis, and other equally distant points, in several of these registers, and not a few from across the water.

Many clergymen's names familiar to us were also to be seen in these records, and they certainly showed their appreciation of the way to get good health through repose by the route they had chosen for their travels.

We had about six hours of a stay at Point du Chene, and the very absence of all interesting attractions outside made us relish the conversation of two gentlemen, one from Philadelphia, an iron merchant, and another from New York, both of whom gave their impressions of the panic, each attributing this great scourge to different causes, both agreeing in one point, that much of the trouble was due to the sudden, though the New Yorker said, the not unexpected failure of Jay Cooke & Co. Here the Government received what seemed merited castigation for having had such unreliable parties as their financial agents abroad. It is a fact worth recording, that men of the most brilliant conversational powers will be found in such out-of-the-way places as the Point.

The trip from Quebec to Montreal by steamboat is among the prettiest on the whole line of American travel. Owing to opposition lines the fare is exceedingly low, being but one dollar, supper and state-room included. It must be remarked here though, that such as seek the better class of society should choose one of the steamers charging higher figures. Dozens of *habitans* stalked up and down the cabin with pipes in their mouths, to the great discomfort of the lady passengers. On this boat we met what seemed to us a musical prodigy in his way, a young lad, apparently about eighteen, blind from birth, but gifted with most extraordinary musical ability. The most difficult compositions of Schubert, Chopin, and such artists, seemed child's play to him. Should he continue to devote his attention

in the future as he must have done in the past, Septimus Fraser, of Montreal, studying in Perkins's Institute of Boston, will be heard to his own and his teacher's credit in all the large cities of the Union.

Some of our *compagnons de voyage* on the steamship Miramichi deserve special mention. There was a gentleman from Hamilton, Canada, who was as full of live, fresh stories as an egg is full of meat; a long, lean, lank Presbyterian minister, who insisted, at the most inopportune moments, on driving theology down the throats of his unfortunate hearers; two young lads, sons of an American father and an English mother, who would talk to their seniors on every subject, from the merits of the latest pudding to the feasibility of applying the principles involved in Ericsson's caloric engine; a couple of young ladies, who insisted upon playing the piano when everybody else felt like going to sleep, and two others, who remained up to hear the last of the music, then to talk in very audible tones of the poor creatures who had just been trying to create a sensation. Finally, a German gentleman, of whom we shall hear more in a little while, it being only necessary to say in this place that this distinguished Teuton undertook to speak of his travels in India, his exploits in Hamburg, his speculations in Wall Street, his sable experiences among the fur hunters, and dear only knows how many other positions in which he had found himself.

Two most lovely spots to examine on this trip are the Cape Percé and the Bay of Gaspé. The latter, with small expense, might be made one of the most beautiful summer resorts in the country.

On such a trip as we are describing, all creeds as well as all classes will be found represented. Among the former, *nothingarians* will be found to predominate. At dinner on the third day of our voyage in the Quebec and Gulf Port steamship, a specimen of the free-thinker was furnished, so perfect in type and so broad in detail that it would be unpardonable not to introduce him into our article. He was a Hamburger, who detested republics, had no belief in foreigners voting, was opposed to the use of butter or milk, and according to his own declaration *only used coffee on Sunday*. During the meal to which we refer, our model nothingarian was trying to convince an aged New Yorker, already introduced to our readers, that Bismarck was the man of the day, suited in every respect to the exigencies of the times, and just the man to crush out those tyrants of priests, be they Catholics, Lutherans, or any other description of ministers. After a lengthy introduction, he brought forth the following knock-down argument. "Just imagine," said he, "what Germany would be without the civil marriage law. Supposing that a priest should have a grudge against a young girl or a promising young man, and that they should determine to be married. Why," and here his face became tinged with genuine love for his kind, "that priest would refuse, *and could prevent these young people from being married*, and if they were united even by another priest, the other *holy* father would refuse to baptize their children." This was too much for the old New Yorker, who shook his head rather significantly, and said he could not see the relation between the exceptional circumstance of a clergyman falling out with one of his parishioners, and the necessity for a general marriage law.

The logic is admirable. Why not destroy marriage, since it is so often abused? Why not strike out trial by jury? This, too, is open to fearful perversion. Finally,

might we not also muzzle the Press, since it does so much harm? This is the sequence of the gentleman's argument.

Where the spirit of absolute antagonism does not exist among the average Protestant traveller, there is at least an almost total ignorance of the tenets of Catholicity about which he undertakes to talk. Several illustrations of this struck us during the trip, but these would form an article in themselves, and with the travellers from whom they were received, we dismiss them from our memory, taking time, however, to include a song so full of good sense and genuine practical advice that its omission would be as unpardonable as the counsel it gives is essential. The accompaniment played by the singer was in keeping with the sentiment of the song, and having given the verses to which we allude, we shall, as above stated, "never mind the rest."

NEVER MIND THE REST.

Faithfully and hopefully,
Oh! tread the path of life,
It may not be all flowers,
Nor free from care and strife;
But it is by blows that iron grows
Of greatest strength possessed;
Then do life's duties faithfully,
And never mind the rest.

Each thing hath its work to do,
Its mission to fulfil,
The plant that grows, the wind that blows,
The waters never still.
Then need we ask, have we a task?
'Tis graven on each breast;
Go do life's duties faithfully,
And never mind the rest.

Fear not pain or poverty,
Fear no earthly thing;
The poorest man that does his part
Is equal to a king.
For a king hath cares, a king hath fears,
Proud heart but anxious breast,
With just like you, his work to do,
Aye! striving like the rest,
Constantly, anxiously, striving like the rest.

Oh! look up to the heavens by night,
Then doubt it if you can,
The countless eyes of Providence
Look lovingly on man.
'Tis little good we here can do,
But let us do our best
With thankful heart and willingly,
And never mind the rest.

As a contrast to this, however, another gentleman came out with—

"My song is of a nice young man,
Whose name was Peter Gray,
And the place that he was born in
Was Penn-syl-va-ni-a."

Travellers who desire a pleasant trip, in which attentive waiters and intelligent officers combine to render the journey enjoyable, should not fail to patronize the vessels plying between Point du Chene and Quebec, and known as the "Quebec and Gulf Port Steamship Company." The stay in Quebec need not delay us. The city is so old-fashioned, its historical places are so well known to the travelling public, that they would form no matter of interest in this sketch. For such, though, as have not paid this city of hills a visit, it will suffice to state that, should they ever get that far, the Citadel, Grand Battery, Laval University, Falls of Montmorency, the Plains of Abraham, where Wolfe and Montgomery fell, and the French and the English Cathedrals, will be the most interesting subjects for a day's sight-seeing. By the way, a hotel is a most important item in the comfort of a day in Quebec. Our own experience and that of several fellow-travellers enables us to state that, by all means, visitors should find out the St. Louis Hotel, a most pretentious place, and, having discovered it, *be sure not to enter it*, unless sour milk, bad butter, and other accommodations of a like nature be desired. The charges are in inverse ratio to the comforts obtained.

Those who desire a new form of expression to apply in case of pests of any kind may also learn such by visiting this hotel, where they will be presented with about fifty cards, and, after listening for a half-hour, will learn the motto to be applied to these people, by saying, "They cling to you like Quebec cabmen."

The city of Montreal is perhaps the most attractive to the American tourist. It has so many traits of the go-ahead, full-of-life progress which distinguishes our centres of commerce.

Its churches are among the very finest in America, those of Notre Dame, the new Cathedral, now in course of erection, and which is built on the plan of St. Peter's, in Rome, and the Jesuits' Church, are among the most attractive. Large numbers of Americans visit it daily during the summer months, and not a few attempt the ascent of the tower, whence a magnificent view of the country for miles may be had. It is very questionable whether the wooden ornaments so lavishly scattered throughout the interior of the great Cathedral will improve its appearance, in the opinion of those who will examine the contrast between the massive building and these tiny decorations.

The ecclesiastical or plain chant is executed with remarkable skill and effect in many of the Montreal Catholic churches. We had the pleasure, on several holidays, of hearing this music sung in a manner that goes far to disprove the assertion that it is unsuited to the educated ear. In company with one of Canada's best musicians we listened to the Royal Mass, as it is called, and never enjoyed any music with greater relish. Mozart, an authority that the greatest admirers of figured music will scarcely question, once said that he would give all the success he had ever attained for the honor of being the author of the plain chant music of the *Dies Iræ*.

The general appearance of the private dwellings in Montreal is at least equal to those of the same class in New York or Philadelphia, and there are a great many in the vicinity of the mountain which, for beauty of design and thoroughness of workmanship, have very few equals, even in our metropolis.

The entire aspect of the better parts of the city and surroundings gives one the idea of stability and affluence.

Here is a specimen of the average local reporter of the Montreal papers. The scenes described explain themselves. The English is suggestive:

"BEATING HIS WIFE.

"Maxime Mantha, shoemaker, Durham Street, was charged by his wife *with assault*. He earns a good deal, and spends it all in gambling. He was fined $20 *or two months*."

Of another, the reporter says—

"He leaves the wife twice or three times a week, and broke *one of her windows* a few days ago. He was fined $5 and costs, *or one month*."

The sacred text assures us that a prudent woman is above all wealth that can be given man. Extending the spirit of the assertion, we may equally say that, above all the benefits that may be conferred upon a child is that of a good education to direct the first steps, and after, the more aspiring strides of youth in the path of virtue and science. Quebec, Montreal, and Ottawa may fairly claim a larger educational field, thoroughly tilled, than any other cities in America. The numerous colleges, academies, and convents, in which every grade of intelligence may find its level, would here call for a notice as lengthy as it is deserved. As the task would be beyond the utmost limits prescribed to this sketch, we may be allowed to select one out of the many we visited, taking the institution selected merely because we devoted more time to an examination into its workings and surroundings than we could afford to any other. We allude to the Young Ladies' Literary Institute of our Lady of the Sacred Heart,

Ottawa. The ladies who conducted us through the various highly finished class and music rooms, though in the midst of a French and Canadian element, speak the purest English to such a degree that we could scarcely recognize ourselves as in a French settlement. The course of studies embraces the highest grade of studies pursued in American convents, and includes the superior advantage of French conversation, which is obligatory on certain days each week. It may as well be asserted that the mere memorizing of a few French lessons can by no means secure a knowledge of the language of *la belle France*, hence, in this convent, as in several of our American institutes for young ladies, the conversational method is insisted upon.

But there is another idea faithfully carried out in this convent which deserves special commendation and secures for it great patronage. The young ladies are taught that labor is the lot of women as well as of men; that it is honorable to be not only the lady, but also the mistress of the family.

In this, therefore, each young lady has certain days in the week in which she has some office to fill in the domestic economy of the house—a certain number of hours in the kitchen, also in keeping various parts of the house in order.

It is unnecessary to say that this is the only way to bring up young women that they may afterwards be active agents and not mere decorated toys in society.

The buildings originally secured for this convent were known as the Revere House, but so great has been the rush of young ladies that a very extensive addition has already been made, and other improvements, in the form of extra buildings, will be required. These improvements in the buildings for the course of studies leave nothing to be desired in its completeness, and less, if possible, in the intelligence of the ladies who so faithfully carry it out. The Gray Nuns, as they are called, are known not only as the friends of the poorest, but also as the instructresses of the richest young ladies of Ottawa, and others who come hundreds of miles to secure the advantages offered here. It is a mystery to us how these sisters can afford such advantages for the small sum of one hundred dollars per annum; music extra, according to the instrument specified.

From Montreal to Ottawa, by water, is a most agreeable trip for any one to make who desires to learn of the beauties of Canadian scenery.

From Ottawa to Montreal, thence to New York, by way of Lake Champlain, and a hurried run across Delaware into our own State, finds us again in the city of our choice. With the remembrance of the beauties of the lake, and the souvenir of the many kind people who have tried to make our trip agreeable, we settle down, pleased with the trip, and anxious that those who desire a few weeks of real enjoyment should "go and do likewise."

OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP.*

At the cottage-door in Naz'reth, sat the mother rapt in love,
While she watched sweet Jesus playing, and the angels watched above.

Softly fell the sunlight round him, humbly bringing its sweet grace
In mute tribute to the Presence that was hidden in the place.

Voiceless tribute! struck with silence in the marvel of its birth,
Yet e'en like the voice it sprang from, ent'ring ev'ry spot of earth!

Tender tribute! striving softly his poor garment, with its gold,
Into royal robe to transform, gilding every line and fold!

Lowly tribute! shining gladly in the dust about his feet,
Fain to turn it into jewels, his divine footfall to meet!

And the summer wind adoring, murmured gently in his ear;
Lifted tenderly the bright curls to the mother's heart so dear.

Played with every golden outline of that sunlit, snowy dress;
Gave the little form, each moment, an invisible caress.

So the light, with voiceless presence, and the wind, that lived in voice,
Were the holy Child-God's playmates, angels envied them the choice.

And when soft the light encompassed the bright marvel of his form,
Bowed they low in holy envy; and when on the zephyr warm,

Rose the wonder of his laugh, they knelt with longing pangs of love,
That was jealous of earth's owning what was not vouchsafed above!

Then the holy mother smiling, said, in ecstasy of bliss,
"My Beloved!" and the Child-God to her turned to answer this.

Lo! between them fell a shadow, and from sight of her rapt face
Shut the baby-eyes, that wondered at the gloom upon the place.

And in awe the angels trembled as two, brighter than the rest,
Held before his heart a vision, of his love for man the test.

Showed a bloody image plainly, of the cross, and nails, and spear,
Earnest of the cruel anguish that was waiting for him here!

* The following description of the miraculous picture which suggested the above poem, and in the hope of promoting devotion to which it is here published, is taken from Father Müller's book on the subject.

"The miraculous picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help is twenty-two inches in height by eighteen inches in width. It is painted in distemper on a gold ground. Our Lady in half figure holds her divine infant on her left arm. . . . .

"The infant Jesus is represented as a grown child. One of his sandals is falling off; he clasps his mother's arm in terror, as if he wished to seek refuge in her bosom from the instruments of his passion, which the angels are presenting to him. Above his head are written the Greek characters, J. C. X. C. (Jesus Christ). On the right of the Blessed Virgin is the figure of the Archangel Michael, who carries in a vase the lance and the sponge. Above him are the Greek letters, O. A. R. M. To the left is St. Gabriel, who presents to the divine infant the cross and the nails. Above him are the Greek letters, O. A. R. G. The faces of the Virgin and child are amiable indeed, but stamped with an expression of deep sadness. The eyes of the Virgin mother are turned upon the beholder with a reproachful expression. . . . .

"More than eighty copies of this miraculous image have been blessed in Rome, and sent to various parts of the world. One hangs in the very bedchamber of our Holy Father, the Pope. Several copies were sent to the United States. Wonderful to relate, wherever they have been exposed to public veneration, miraculous cures have been wrought, and extraordinary favors obtained from God."

If one soul should be induced to honor our Lady of Perpetual Help by the perusal of these lines, the dearest aim of the writer will have been amply fulfilled.

Showed a vision of the Passion, showed the bitter, fearful end
Toward which all his human striving was so certainly to tend!

Struck with terror bowed the others, covering quick each radiant face,
Lest the thunderbolts of Heaven should descend upon the place;

Lest the Lord, revealed in anger, should cast off his sweet disguise,
And the vision's horror wither with the lightning of his eyes!

Nay, transfixed a shivering baby stood, in real, human fear,
And God's might was wholly hidden in that Baby's frightened tear.

And the thunderbolts of Heaven, hushed in that sweet, human cry,
"Mother! mother!" and thus human, to the mother did he fly!

To the mother's arms quick outstretched, like a hunted, frightened child,
Little heart with terror throbbing, little frame with trembling wild;

Little robe all tossed and flying, little sandal half undone,
Little hands in child's way grasping the sweet mother's ready one!

And that mother! Ah! the terror in the Baby's pleading gaze,
Filled her tender soul with anguish, filled her love with fear's amaze.

And her heart, transfixed in silence, from her eyes sent forth a wail,
That no voice could half have spoken, but that breathed through tears' bright veil

In a mighty whisper, calling all the world to her to come
And remove the Baby's terror, which her voice had stricken dumb!

Ah! the language of those sad eyes! Soft he answered it and sweet,
Waving with his hand the vision to sink prostrate at her feet.

"Mother! Mother, best beloved! for the sorrow of this hour,
In the future I will give thee o'er the world a holy power.

"E'en as all in vain thy mute look called for aid to come to me,
Thy poor, frightened baby running from his terror to thy knee,—

"So shall they, amongst poor mortals, who for help all hopeless cry,
And not finding it, in anguish to thy sweet protection fly,—

"Lo! Belovèd, Lily-Mother, by thy look of woe for me,
They shall find, when all else fails them, *they shall find their help in thee!*"

In the last words *God* stood mighty, then upon the mother's breast
Vanished into the sweet silence of a baby's balmy rest.

But the angels of the vision, kneeling at her hallowed feet,
In that silence sought a title that to praise her would be meet.

To extol her in the promise of the Child-God sleeping now—
"Oh, Perpetual Help, sweet mother," in his dream he murmured low.

And the slumbering Baby's whisper, they caught up with glad accord,
For they knew this was her title, from the voice of God the Lord!

M. M. Warde.

"OFF WITH THE OLD LOVE."

A PRETTY home picture. In front of the window, a little garden, bright with old-fashioned flowers; beyond the little white gate a vista of green fields, with here and there a large elm, ending in the purple haze of a hill. The sun fell athwart the grass, and peeped in at the lattice window upon a sight as fair as the view without. Here sat a girl, not in the first bloom of early youth, but still young, looking out upon the fair and lovely landscape with a thrilling heart. For this was her home, and she was about to leave it.

Laura Gresham had been left an orphan at the early age of eleven. Her mother died when her baby sister was born; her father died two years after. He was a doctor, and had succumbed to the effects of an epidemic in the town. Laura had been father, mother, and sister, all in one to the little Winifred, who, indeed, had hardly felt the loss of parents she had scarcely known, so well had her sister supplied their place. They were living now with their father's sister, and had done so for the last seven years; the interval they had spent at school. Miss Gresham was not rich, but moderately well off, especially for the quiet, country place she lived in. Still she did not associate much with people of her own class who lived near, and had a dislike to what she termed "miscellaneous" society. They were much alone, therefore, but they all liked it. Laura and Winifred were always happy together. Laura found plenty of employment with home work and her books and music, and Winifred was never even wished to do anything but look bright and happy, and go from garden to field, much after the fashion of a butterfly. The sisters were singularly unlike. Laura had black hair, and what pass for black eyes, with very little color except when excited, with classical features, and a somewhat grave expression. Winifred had sunny hair, eyes like the sky, rosy dimpled cheeks; no regular beauty in face or feature, but an indescribable charm pervading the whole, well deserving her pet name of Winsome Winny.

Laura was alone now. Winny was on one of her numberless flower-hunting excursions. Her sister had refused to go, too; she expected a visitor. She had not given this as her excuse; there was time enough for Winifred to see the visitor, and know who he was; time enough to tell her dear little sister that this visitor was the one person who had come to share the love that was once all hers. So Laura sat alone, and dreamed of happy days past, and happier days to come, until the lines which premature care and responsibility had shaped upon that young face, had melted away under the influence of happy thoughts, and she looked once more the bright, handsome, loving girl, who had caught, and fixed Rupert Lacy's stray fancy. They would live together, she thought, and Rupert must love her winsome Winny; every one did, and Winny would love any one her sister loved.

Laura had met Rupert on the one occasion when she had left school, on a visit to an old family friend. She was eighteen then, twenty-six now, and he was only now able to fulfil the engagement they had then contracted. She had not seen him since they had parted eight years ago. Eight years! She remembered him so well, and taking out a portrait he had sent

her lately, she tried to compare the picture in her mind with the picture on the paper, and make of the two something that should be like the Rupert Lacy of to-day. She fancied the smile on his lips was set, not frank and ready as she remembered it; still it was only a picture, and subject to the inevitable drawback of even photography, that it can produce but one set expression of the living face, often, too, not the most natural. His crisp, fair hair sat as closely and easily as ever, but he had grown whiskers, and she grudged his face being hidden. Those deep, soft, gray eyes seemed to shine at her from the portrait as fondly as ever, and she put the picture back with a smile and a secure feeling that she should love him even if his whiskers were tied under his chin or grew all over his face. Was she altered? Would he think her looking well?

The click of the gate roused her from her reverie. There stood Winny, her hands full of flowers, a pretty shy smile on her bright face, and behind her—was it really Rupert? A moment of doubt—then Laura had run quickly downstairs and was holding out her hand to her lover. What passed across her like the breath of the winter wind? His greeting was not what she had hoped, wished, what she had dreamed. The clasp of his hand was not eager, the look in his inquiring eyes not fond. But do we ever have what we expect? Neither our joys nor our sorrows follow the rules we have laid down for them. She saw that he was altered, and his first words told her that she was.

"I should hardly have known you," he said. "What have you been doing all these years?"

"Waiting, longing for this moment," she might have answered, "only to be disappointed." But Laura fought against the vague feeling of disappointment. Here was one of those highly-strung natures that respond quickly to the touch of sorrow, but she never met it half-way. Like most women she tried hard to believe what she wished to believe. She was foolish, exacting; what more could she want? Had he not come to claim her promise? These thoughts passed rapidly through her mind, and she seemed ready with her answer when he had asked the question.

"I have done nothing but take care of my sister. This is she, Winifred."

He turned to Winifred at once.

"We have made friends already over the briers, or sweethearts as we used to call them when I was young. I can't tell you how many followers your sister would have brought home in her train if I had not come to her aid and dismissed them."

Winifred said nothing, and Laura had nothing to say. They were walking up the pathway, hardly broad enough for three, and at the house-door stood an old lady, old-fashioned like the house, her soft white hair smoothed back under a mob-cap, black silk mittens on her hands, and with an odd subdued likeness to Laura—subdued by age.

"This is Aunt Laura," said Laura. "Aunt, this is Mr. Lacy. And now you know all the relatives I have alive," she added to him.

"I hope you won't make me acquainted with the dead ones," he said, as he returned Miss Gresham's rather formal bow. "I am quite of the opinion of one of our poets—I dare say you know which—'What use to me can dead folk be?' I was always afraid of ghosts."

Miss Gresham received this rather flippant speech with stiff silence, and Winifred looked rather puzzled. He saw the impression he had made, but was wise enough to let it be

then, trusting to future behavior to better it. Laura saw he was a little embarrassed, and came to his help.

"You must not talk lightly of ghosts here, we believe firmly in them. There is not a house of importance near that has not its haunted room."

She felt her aunt looked at her inquiringly, and she felt her cheeks flush in answer. How foolish it was not to have told her aunt in what relation she and Rupert stood to each other! He could not have meant to include her in his injunction of silence respecting their engagement. But Laura had not been living with her aunt at the time of her one visit. She had gone there from school, and had only gone to live with her aunt afterwards. And Miss Gresham was an old-fashioned person, as has been said. Most old-fashioned and most behind her age in anything that concerned love matters. She was still a firm believer in the creed of our grandmothers: that young girls know nothing, and ought to know nothing about love; that these matters should all be managed by the elders, and delicately broken to the unconscious maid. She was unable to see that this system has passed away, exploded of its own emptiness, that the young people manage their own love affairs, and only consult papas when the money is not quite so ready as they wish it to be. She was happily ignorant that young girls are coolly conscious from the first what a young man's intentions are, and, if some are to be believed, feel no difficulty in forcing those intentions to suit themselves. Laura Gresham was as far from one extreme as from the other; she had certainly made no advances to Rupert Lacy, but she had, as certainly, given him to understand that she loved him, and would marry him whenever he could claim her. But she had been very foolish in not telling her aunt about Rupert before his visit. It would surprise her so! Perhaps—surely—he would say something about the object of it himself presently, and then all would be right. And with a faint feeling that all was very far from right, at any rate now, Laura led the way into the house after her aunt. She thought she heard Rupert say something in a low voice as he entered, but it was not to her, and they all went into the sitting-room. Winifred began arranging her flowers, Rupert helping her, with a ready politeness and deference quite new to her, petted darling though she was. Not a look, not a word for Laura all the evening. Indeed he seemed rather to avoid her eye, and to try to make the conversation general, whenever he had a chance of making it private with her. He certainly succeeded. So the time passed. Ten struck, Rupert Lacy went to his hotel, and he and Laura had met after eight years' separation after a fond lover's parting, and the first evening was over.

The sisters slept together, and usually talked over the small incidents of the day until they were sleepy. Winifred was unusually silent to-night, and Laura felt as if she could not speak a word. Long after her sister's regular breathing told of peaceful sleep did Laura toss and turn on her bed; and when at last she did sleep it was to dream of wandering in a weary waste of snow, and to wake with a painful blank feeling quite new to her.

The next morning Rupert Lacy came again, and the next, until more days had passed than Laura cared to count. Dreary painful days to Laura, days that each seemed to add another stone to the wall that had arisen between her and her happy past. Rupert still shunned her eye and avoided being alone with her, indeed it was not difficult, for Laura avoided him too now.

Sometimes she thought she was wrong. Why should she leave him like this? Would it not be best to ask him why he had apparently changed to her? Ah! not apparently only, but visibly, evidently. If it had not been that he shunned her, she would have thought he had utterly forgotten their former relations to each other. She felt like one bewitched. The happiness of her life was slipping away from her just as it was within her grasp, and she was powerless to prevent it.

Matters could not last long so, and were at last brought to a climax. Winifred was out one day, Laura stayed at home. She had still a foolish hope that her fancy had misled her, that Rupert would come in and all would be as before. She was sitting by the window of the sitting-room, from which she could see over the footpath across the meadow that leads into the village; the way Rupert came. Her hands lay idly on her lap, and she had sat there she hardly knew how long, until happening to turn her head she saw her aunt on a chair near her, looking intently at her.

"Can you attend to me, Laura? You don't seem busy," the old lady said. Idleness was a capital offence in her eyes, but she didn't say this harshly. "It is about Mr. Lacy," she went on, not waiting for an answer. "I want to speak to you about him first, because you seem to know more about him than we—than I—do. I don't understand what he is at. Young men are very different from what they were in my day, and I dare say he means nothing by his silly ways of going on, but I don't like it, and I shall tell him so. I have taken advice on the point, and I mean to act upon it, but I thought I would speak to you first. I don't think anything of him myself, but I thought you liked him and seemed to know him, and Winny, Laura, haven't you noticed how altered Winny is?"

She asked the question abruptly.

"What do you mean, aunt?" was all Laura could say.

"I mean that she hardly ever eats or speaks, that she never takes her eyes off the window until Mr. Lacy has come, that she never looks at him when he looks at her, but watches him when she thinks no one sees her. As I said before, young people are quite altered from what they were when I was a girl, but Winifred never could have hidden her feelings at any time of the world, and she is in love with that man, or will be, if we don't stop it."

Laura sat still, without a word. She had forgotten this possibility, she had even forgotten Winifred for the first time in her life. The silence her aunt spoke of had been so welcome to her as to pass unnoticed. But her eyes were opened now, and she saw her aunt was right.

"You don't say anything. What's the matter with you, child?"

"I was thinking of what you said," Laura answered, slowly. "I never thought of it before."

"I can't think where your eyes were, then," said the old lady, rather triumphantly; but immediately added, "I shall speak to him; I can't have any of his fine gentleman tricks played off on our darling. I dare say he thinks it good fun to make her fall in love with him, and it will serve him for a good joke among his friends when he goes away, but I am not going to allow it. I thought I would speak to you first, and as you quite agree with me, I shall write to him this evening, if he does not come, and speak to him if he does."

And Miss Gresham walked as briskly out of the room as if the thermometer did not stand at 80° in the shade, as if she were not herself on the shady side of sixty.

Laura, left to herself, tried to rouse herself and think. One thing was quite clear; the silence

between her and Rupert Lacy must be broken. He must tell her plainly whether he intended her to marry him or not. If he did not, she must know what his intentions were with regard to Winifred. Maiden pride would have kept her silent if only her interests had been at stake, but she could speak for Winifred, aye! and make him listen. She could not stay there. Winifred might meet him out of doors, another link might be forged in the chain she had been so blind as not to see.

A hat was all she wanted this hot July day, and she was soon in the green lane in front of the house.

The lane diverged into the high-road a little way from the house, and the sun was so hot here that she crossed the road and entered the wood. The broader walk was soon deserted for a narrow pathway, and that, in its turn, for a short cut through the brushwood. Laura walked on mechanically, treading her way more by an instinct than by any direct use of her senses. A rabbit sprang across her path, almost under her feet, and she lifted her eyes.

Just in front of her, in a little open space, stood Rupert Lacy, and by his side, Winifred. Their backs were turned to her, and they could not have seen her, but she drew behind a large tree with a quick instinctive movement. Her senses seemed preternaturally sharpened, and she heard the pretty silvery voice she loved so much, say as if in answer to something Lacy had said: "I thought you liked Laura."

"So I do," he replied quickly; "is she not your sister? But I love you, Winifred, you know I love you."

She made some answer, even Laura could not hear, but she hardly needed her sense of hearing to tell her what it would be. She knew his persuasive tones well, she knew the accents of his voice as he wooed. Had he been refused before? Had she not even yet on her finger the poor little turquoise ring, more precious in her eyes than many diamonds, as the pledge of his faith and love?—faith! love!

She followed the lovers with her eyes, until they were on the broad path homeward; she was faintly curious to know what he would do. Would he ask her aunt to let him marry Winifred, and would they tell her of her sister's engagement when she went home, he trusting to her pride to continue the silence he had made such use of? There was no need for her to speak to him, everything could be settled without her, she would stay where she was.

Her aunt would be too much occupied with the happy lovers; they too much taken up with each other to miss her. She had left her tree, and had sat down where the lovers had stood, down by the little brook that fussed and gurgled over its bits of stick and its little stones as if if it were a mountain torrent. Her eye fell on something blue—a forget-me-not—blue like Winny's eyes, and salt tears fell into the fresh little brook and were carried away with a noise of their own, no doubt into the world of sound. What! was sorrow making her bitter to her darling? Was not Winny's happiness hers? Could she blame Rupert Lacy for preferring that bright, gentle, winning thing to the grave almost stern woman, she had become? Had any creature an inalienable right to affection? Still, there was injustice in his behavior, and she felt as if she must have some guarantee that he would not treat Winifred as he had treated her. She had had no one to take care of her, not even herself, but she would take care of Winifred. She rose and walked steadily back to the house, her eyes only just seeing the space in front of her,

with no distinct purpose in her mind, only a general idea of what it would be necessary to say. The path turned rather abruptly, and at the corner she met Rupert Lacy face to face.

He stopped and looked at her, turning a little pale. She spoke almost without thought.

"I know! I saw Winifred and you in the wood, by the brook."

"Well!" he said, defiantly. He thought she was going to reproach him, and was far too clever to assume the defensive, always the losing game.

"Do you mean to marry her?" she asked.

"I question your right to ask."

"I have a right to ask, and you will answer me," she said, quietly. "Mr. Lacy, let us understand each other. If you really love Winifred, you shall have her, but I may be allowed to doubt your constancy."

She spoke quite calmly, but he turned paler with anger.

"You seem to have forgotten your relationship to Winifred," he said. "I don't see what you have to say to any arrangement we may have made."

He knew his power over her, he knew the pride that had kept her silent all these days, but he did not calculate upon the strength of her love for her sister. He did not know how the proud reserve of her nature gave way before it.

"You were engaged to be married to me. I waive my right to you, but I wish to be told whether you mean to treat Winifred as you have treated me."

She looked him full in the face, and he had to answer. To do him justice, he was no coward, and he was quick to see his advantages.

"I really fail to understand your meaning. You have never advanced any claim to my affection, you greeted me as an ordinary acquaintance, you never informed your aunt or your sister of our former relations to each other, and you have allowed me to gain your sister's affections without attempting to interfere until now. I thought you wished to convey to me that you desired to put an end to our engagement."

The cunning mixture of truth with glaring injustice silenced Laura. What could she say against it? Of what use would it be to show him that the change came first from him, that the first touch of his hand told her that he was changed to her?

"I will not bandy words with you. I only think of my sister. Tell me you will not treat her as you have treated me."

The repetition of that same form of words seemed to irritate him.

"I will not tell you anything," he answered.

"Then you shall not have Winifred."

"How will you prevent it?" He asked the question mockingly, with a laugh that was not genuine.

"I shall tell her that you were engaged to me, and have, what is called, 'jilted' me. Do you think she will marry you then?"

He bit his lips and looked angrily at her.

"I am quite in your power, Miss Gresham, I own. Do you intend to bring an action for breach of promise of marriage?"

She hardly noticed the insult. All these days, even down to the moment when she met him on her way home, the very fibres of her heart were so closely wound round him, that she still loved him. Now, the ties that bound her to him had slowly snapped one by one, and she had no feeling but for her sister.

"I am in your power," she answered, sadly. "You hold my very heart in your hands."

His vanity misled him, pardonably, perhaps.

"Laura," he said, and half put out his hand to her.

She shrank back with so unmistakable a look of aversion that he exclaimed bitterly: "Laura, did you ever love me!"

She turned her face towards him and looked at him. Through the trees, the rays of the setting sun fell softly on his handsome head, turning the fair curls into a ring of glorious light, his eyes looked dark and soft, even beseeching, as in days gone by.

Fickle, changeable, Rupert Lacy hardly knew even now which sister he wanted. He had come with the intention of marrying Laura, he had met Winifred in the wood, and had been at once struck by her winning grace. The changes in Laura that absence from him and years of waiting for him had worked, produced an unpleasant effect on his æsthetic sense. Her prompt interpretation of his feeling and consequent shrinking from him, had given him the excuse he needed. It was so pleasant to talk to Winifred, to watch the fair cheek flush as he came near, to see shy love waken in the blue eyes, once so frank and free. It was very pleasant and very enticing, and he did not stop to consider his position until he found himself virtually engaged to both sisters at once. He was one of those easy-going order of mortals, who pass through this life pleasantly, to themselves at least, and rapidly, and find themselves in the other—perhaps rather to their surprise sometimes.

He had often been in such scrapes before and had got out of them without much trouble to himself. Anyhow, this was the most awkward of any though, and he hardly knew what he wanted.

Laura would not have been a woman had she not been stirred by his look, for she understood it. After all, she might have this man, if she would, and she had loved him, although he questioned it. But the love had gone, and no look of Rupert Lacy's could conjure it back.

"I did love you once, but never again, Rupert, never again."

Then, without another word, she passed him swiftly, and went home. He looked after her until she was out of sight, then he drew a long breath as if relieved, and whistled softly to himself. He was glad she had decided so; it wouldn't have done to throw Winifred over, and he really did like the little one best. Laura would have been rather difficult to manage, she was very much altered from what she was when first he knew her. Poor girl! And with this last charitable ejaculation, Rupert Lacy went to his temporary quarters, feeling the Greshams were best left alone for that evening.

* * * * * *

The pale rays of a winter sun strayed into a cheerless room in a poor hotel of a small town. On a bed, clean but poor, lay a wasted shrunken woman, in whose pallid cheeks and sunken eyes only the keen intuition of love could have discovered any traces of the Winifred of this tale.

She had left her home three months after her marriage, and had not been back there since. Perhaps her husband did not wish to continue any acquaintance with his wife's relatives; all the reason he gave was that he hated the place, and Winifred acquiesced in his decisions much as she had always done with Laura. Once freed from her relations' presence, her husband had soon shown himself in his true colors. Petted at first, then treated with little attention, then neglected and all but deserted, Winifred had displayed all the simple faith and constancy of her nature. She never wrote a word in complaint of her husband, she gave accounts of herself, and gladly

filled her letters with descriptions of the baby girl that was born to her. Laura and Miss Gresham never dreamed how it was with their darling, and the letter summoning Laura to her sister came like a thunderbolt.

"I am afraid I am really ill, dear," Winifred wrote, "and Rupert is away on business. I should like to see you, if you can come."

All was told those two loving hearts by those few words.

"Bring her back with you," said the old lady to Laura, when she started, "and Rupert can come after her—on business."

"The child loves him, aunt," said Laura, gently, and she repeated the talisman to herself as she knelt by her sister's side and saw the ravages neglect and illness had made in that sunny face. Winifred had courage to suffer, constancy to suffer in silence, but no strength to endure. She sank under her husband's neglect, only kept alive by her love for her little girl and her anxiety for her. When she saw her in the aunt's arms, the tiny hands gently stroking her cheeks, she felt at peace. Her only anxiety had been that she might die before Laura came, and her little girl be left to the care of strangers. No word of complaint passed her lips, she clung faithfully to her hero, and Laura again forgot her own feelings in unwavering thought for her sister. She uttered no reproach, not even when the pale face was still in death, not even when she stood by the simple grave. She paid the trifling debts, and left with the landlady a few lines for the husband: "I have taken my sister's child home with me. I did not know where to send for you. You know where to write to me if you wish."

Then she took Winifred's little girl home.

"What's your name, my darling pet?" asked Miss Gresham.

"Auntie's Winsome Winny," lisped the baby lips.

Laura's rare tears fell on the golden head, and she silently renewed the promise she had given to the mother, that this second darling should always have a home with her.

The winter passed and spring came. Again Laura sat by her window. The trees were already covered with a soft green mist, and the hill looked purple in the distant twilight.

She expected no visitor, her thoughts, hopes, and fears were concentrated in that room, in the little bed where the second Winifred lay asleep.

A man came to the gate, passed—hesitated—then came in and walked up to the door. Before he could knock, Laura was downstairs and in the garden. He was startled, but spoke, hesitatingly:

"Laura, is it you? Can I see my little girl?"

With a faint sick feeling at her heart, Laura led the way upstairs. She signed to him to walk softly, but never spoke to him nor looked at him. When they reached the little bed, she shaded the lamp from the eyes of the little sleeper, and he bent over the cot. When he drew back his head, a large tear was lying on the golden curls, and Laura ventured to say:

"You will leave her with me."

He grasped her hand and said huskily, "God bless you, Laura! The world would be a better place if there were more like you in it."

Then he went down the stairs, and out of the gate, and Laura Gresham saw him no more in this life.

THE FAITH AND PRACTICE OF CATHOLICITY

IN REGARD TO THE BIBLE, CHARACTERISTIC OF THE ONE HOLY CATHOLIC AND APOSTOLIC CHURCH.

In the exposition of Catholic truth, and in every vindication of the conduct of the Church, throughout the work of the ministry, we feel ourselves obliged to reject the opinion which insists that the Bible is the sole and exclusively sufficient means for publishing and preserving in original purity and integrity the saving doctrines and mandates of religion. We do so because this opinion is not supported by any manifest or presumptive proof; also because it is condemned by the clearest and most positive evidence drawn from the teaching of the sacred volume. Opening the sacred record of the wisdom and will of heaven, we find an order of religious instruction appointed, quite different from and opposed to that invented by seceders from the Catholic Church; we find that Christ declared many truths to his ministry which are not contained in the Bible; we find that those truths have been delivered from generation by the authoritative teaching of the ministry, and that the new Scriptures were designedly left incomplete.

It is a notorious fact that from the earliest date of religion, from the days of Adam unto Moses, men learned the truths of faith not by their own searching, not by any system of free thinking, not by any optional reading of Scripture, but by the positive revelation of heaven's will, communicated through the voice of those whom God chose as his witnesses, either under the name of patriarchs or prophets. After Moses had written his five books, this authority and testimony was continued to explain the sense of those writings; also to convey a knowledge of many important truths not included in the Scripture of the time. Always it was insisted, "*Ask thy father, and he will declare to thee; thy elders, and they will tell thee.*" Under the dispensation of redemption no change occurred on this score; on the contrary, Christ brought the law to perfection, and confirmed this system of teaching, speaking amidst the evidence of his miracles "*as one sent by the Father, having all power in heaven and on earth.*" He wrote nothing, because a bookful of prodigious miracles and incomprehensible mysteries could not be a proof of its own veracity. He did not give a command *to write.* He gave a command *to preach, to teach.* He did not lay the foundation of faith and the security of truth upon the examination, judgment, and decision of man. He ordered man to hear the Church, under the penalty of reprobation. By the manifestation of divine wisdom and power in his words and actions, he rendered his religion a matter of fact. He organized his Church so as to consist of teachers to transmit the knowledge of this fact, and of disciples to believe it. Such was the evidence he gave when in Judea. He announced the sublime mysteries of religion, all of which provoked doubt and opposition; yet he would not dispel the one nor allay the other by entering on a disputation concerning those awful truths; but always appeared as having the power to teach, and condemning those persons as an evil generation who sought a sign for the gratification of their stubborn minds, and who pretended

that conviction should spring from themselves, and not from faith imparted to them by authorized teaching. That Christ, whilst on earth, was the supreme authority and expounder of his word, whose instruction no Christian could presume to canvass, is a principle which cannot be denied; that he could have communicated to his apostles and to their successors the same authority, is a truth which his omnipotence places beyond doubt; and that, if he did so communicate it, all Christians would be bound to receive its instruction, is a proposition which need not be established by argument. Now we find it stated in Scripture, in language most clear and decisive, that this very authority was transmitted to the apostles and their successors. When Christ had collected this ministry around him, he said, "*As the Father sent me, I also send you.*" Thus the ministry became so excellent that the Saviour said of it: "*He that heareth you heareth me.*" Being thus qualified, thus associated, thus identified with Christ, we are next informed of the design and end of this extraordinary qualification. It is that the ministry shall "*teach all nations, during all ages, all things whatsoever he commanded.*" Next we are assured that there shall be no alteration, no interruption, no chasm, no lapse in this order of instruction, for the Saviour continues to say to the ministry, "*I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.*" Had the Lord merely said, "I am with you forever," there might be room to imagine that he promised his ministry only a blessed eternity after the toils of this life; whereas by measuring the duration of his promise by the consummation of the world, it is manifest that he sets no other limits to the authority and duty of teaching all ages and nations, than the existence of the universe; therefore there is no admission of any time or circumstance which could render it necessary or befitting for men to seek a guidance to faith by the sole and exclusive means of sacred Scripture. The consequence of all that our Saviour said and performed in regard to his ministry was, as we are informed in Mark 16, that the apostles "*went forth preaching everywhere, and such as believed and were baptized were saved, whilst such as believed not are to be condemned.*"

That the Scriptures do not contain all the revelations which Christ made to his ministry is a most undeniable fact. It is not just to suppose that our Divine Master would have spent three years in the intimate society of his apostles, and during the whole time would not have communicated to them anything except what is written so concisely and abruptly in the New Testament. In the first chapter of Acts it is recorded that for forty days after his resurrection the Saviour remained with his apostles, "*speaking to them of the kingdom of God.*" In what book, in what chapter, in what verse, do we read the important truths thus conveyed? The Saviour said of his ministry: "*To you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God.*" Has that mystery died with them? Certainly not, for it interested the whole kingdom which is his Church. Did the apostles commit it to writing? If any one can say yes, let him tell us when and where they did so. The Saviour declared that a time would arrive when he would not speak in proverbs to his ministry. Where are the things written which he said so plainly and distinctly as to be a contrast to proverbs? We are told that when apart, alone, with his apostles, he did not speak to them in parables. Where is the written memorial of what he thus communicated? He defined the

matter of their teaching to be "*the things which he commanded to be observed.*" Who will take up the Bible and enumerate methodically those things, saying this, that, &c., are exactly and precisely what Christ commanded? The Saviour promised that the Holy Ghost would come to *teach* the ministry all things, and to bring *all things to their mind*, whatsoever he had said to them. If the Scripture were alone a rule of faith, we should be able to discover and distinguish in it three classes of matter, in three orders of instruction: 1st. The things communicated by Christ. 2d. The things communicated by the teaching of the Holy Ghost. 3d. The things suggested, brought back to the mind by the Holy Ghost. But we know very well that private reading, private interpretation of any kind, or the sole and exclusive adoption of the Scripture, has never effected anything of the kind.

As Christ, whilst on earth, could not forfeit nor resign the right of being the expounder and judge of his own doctrine, neither could the apostles, on account of committing to writing some of the things they had heard, or by any subsequent event, resign the authority of teaching and expounding with which the Saviour had invested them, because their right and authority was one and the same with that of Christ: "*As the Father sent me, I send you; he that heareth you heareth me.*" In fact, so far from allowing any Scripture to supersede their instruction, so far from allowing free individual interpretation, so far from admitting an assumed privilege of acting independently of a fixed and infallible authority of teaching, they give us, on all due occasions, practical proof of their maintenance of this authority, of its conveyance to others duly appointed like themselves, also a decided exclusion of interference from any other source, and a most absolute condemnation of the opinion that Scripture alone is the medium of heaven's instruction. Although St. Paul had preached the Gospel at Ephesus, he left Timothy there for the purpose explained in the following words: "*That thou* (Timothy) *mightest charge some not to teach otherwise, who desired to be the teachers of the law, understanding neither the things they say, nor whereof they affirm.*" With a similar view of guarding the word, which he says was committed to him according to the commandment of God, his Saviour, he left Titus at Crete: "*For this cause I left thee in Crete, that thou shouldst set in order the things that are wanting, and shouldst ordain priests in every city, as I also appointed thee.*" In his second epistle to Timothy (second chapter), St. Paul describes the order for transmitting the word thus deposited, thus guarded: "*And the things which thou hast heard from me, through many witnesses, the same command to faithful men who shall be fit to teach others also.*" "*Continue thou in the things thou hast learned, and which have been committed to thee, knowing of whom thou hast learned.*"

So far from any Scripture being constituted a sole and exclusive guide; so far from any portion of the Church, either lay or clerical, being allowed to mould the doctrine of the law under the influence of private interpretation; so far from any persons being allowed to filter the word of God through pitiful human judgment, we find it steadily guarded by those with whom it was deposited, and we find those persons excluding the busy interference of self-appointed teachers. In the passages quoted, the excellence, integrity, and purity of the word are manifested in the fact of its having been trans-

mitted by Christ to the apostles, and by them to their successors (such as Timothy and Titus), thence commended to other faithful men. There is set before us the whole organization of the teaching ministry—*its call*, *its commission*, *its qualification*, *its work*, *its duration*. Then we have the *doctrine*, *its source*, *its channel*, *its transmission*. No mention is made of Scripture, of the present or of the future. No theory admissible about any religious knowledge acquired by prayerful research, by presumed special inspiration, by capricious independent interpretation. No. On the contrary, mention is made constantly, invariably, of *things heard*, *things learned* from a certain authority. These are to be continued in, without wavering, without doubt, without any fear or danger of deceit, on account of "*knowing from whom they had been learned.*" When St. Paul reminds Titus of his succession and duty in the ministry, he says, "*These things speak, and exhort, and rebuke with all authority;*" hence it is manifest that Titus being thus empowered, the Christians of Crete were bound to rely on the authority, not, indeed, of any individual opinion or view of Titus, but of that word which he had received, in common with Timothy and other faithful men, from St. Paul, and through him from Jesus Christ. This plain statement concerning the divinely appointed means of religious instruction, to the total exclusion of Scripture as a solely sufficient rule of faith, is considerably confirmed and illustrated when we find St. Paul giving instruction about the utility of Scripture. In his second epistle to Timothy, he says: "*All Scripture inspired of God is profitable to teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct in justice, that the man of God may be perfect, furnished to every good work*" (third chapter). By *the man of God*, St. Paul designates the authorized minister of the Church, for he speaks of him who is *to teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct.* Now these are offices of the authorized minister, as is proved by what we read at the opening of the subsequent fourth chapter, where the apostle, instead of referring every individual to his Bible for instruction or reproof, charges Timothy before God to instruct and correct the flock in virtue of the authority vested in him: "*Preach the word, reprove, entreat, rebuke in all patience and doctrine.*" He assigns the reason for this urgent charge: "*For there shall be a time when they will not endure sound doctrine, but according to their own desires they will heap to themselves teachers having itching ears, and will indeed turn away their hearing from the truth.*"

To the same Timothy he had already written in the first epistle, fourth chapter, "*Attend unto reading, to exhortation, and to doctrine... take heed to thyself and doctrine, for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee.*" The duty and responsibility of teacher and disciple is plainly set forth, and an exclusion of any pretence of the sole sufficiency of Scripture. It is as if the apostle had said, Teacher, thou shall save thyself by reading, and save others by instruction; disciple, thou shall be saved not by arbitrary reading, &c., but by hearing the duly commissioned ministry, preaching the things which Christ ordered to be observed. This salvation, arising out of the circumstance of the people hearing sound doctrine from those persons having authority, was in the view of the apostle when writing to the Thessalonians (second epistle, second chapter); he says: "*Therefore, brethren, stand fast, and hold the traditions which you have learned, whether by word or by our epistle.*" Here we must

observe that the oral tradition, or in other words, the ministerial teaching of which St. Paul speaks, regarded matters not contained in Scripture; the apostle places them on an equality with those doctrines which he himself had committed to writing in a former epistle. Why does the apostle speak so imperatively when he thus identifies in the one tradition, oral and written instruction? Because (as he wrote to Timothy), "*it is the word which God manifested in preaching which is committed to me according to the commandment of God our Saviour.*" Hence he tells the same Thessalonians (second epistle, third chapter), "*That they withdraw themselves from every brother walking disorderly, and not according to the tradition which they have received from him.*" And he orders Timothy, first epistle, sixth chapter: "*O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding the profane novelty of words. . . . Hold the form of sound words which thou has heard of me.*"

If anything more were required to show that the system pretending to erect the Scripture into a sole and exclusive guide in matters of faith, is condemned by the most expressive language of the Bible, we have it in the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans, tenth chapter: "*Whoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.*" Then he asks the following important questions: "*How then shall they call on him, in whom they have not believed, or how shall they believe him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher?*" According to the notions of those persons who exclaim, "The Bible and the Bible alone," St. Paul ought to have said: "How shall they believe him, of whom they have not read? And how shall they read without a printer?" The declaration of the apostle is so perfectly identical with the teaching of the Church at the present hour, that to express our doctrine we need not alter a word. It is so self-evident, that if at any time the Bible would become the only adequate guide in faith, this order, this arrangement, and this language, set forth by the apostle, would be inapplicable and absurd.

There is undoubted proof that the Scriptures have been designedly left incomplete by the apostles. This we discover in the Epistle of St. Paul to the Hebrews, fifth chapter, where speaking of Christ he says: "*Called by God a high priest according to the order of Melchisedech, of whom we have much to say, and hard to be intelligibly uttered; because you are become weak to hear. For whereas for the time you ought to be masters, you have need to be taught again what are the first elements of the word of God; and you are become such as have need of milk and not of strong meat. For every one that is a partaker of milk is unskilful in the word of justice, for he is a little child. But strong meat is for the perfect; for them who by custom have their senses exercised to the discovering of good and evil.*" Precisely akin to this was the conduct of our divine Saviour, who in his last discourse said to his apostles: "*I have many things to say unto you, but you cannot hear them now.*" A similar silence was observed by St. John, who in his second epistle says: "*Having more things to write to you, I would not by paper and ink; for I hope that I shall be with you and speak face to face, that your joy may be full.*"

The same apostle informs us, that it was for persons already instructed, for those who had previously received the knowledge of salvation by faith, that the Scriptures of the New Testament were written occasionally: "*I write unto you, babes, because you have known the Father.*

I write unto you, young men, because you are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and you have overcome the wicked one. I have not written to you as to them that know not the truth, but as to them that know it." (First epistle, second chapter.)

THE COLOSSEUM.

"I do remember me that in my youth,
When I was wandering; upon such a night
I stood within the Colosseum's wall,
'Midst the chief relics of Almighty Rome."
BYRON.

FROM its magnitude, Rome's Flavian Amphitheatre is termed the Colosseum. By the Emperor Flavius Vespasian it was erected after the Jewish war as a memorial of his triumph. Thirty thousand Hebrew captives were employed in the construction. Its architect, Gandantius, became a Christian and a martyr. The amphitheatre had no roof, but as a protection for 100,000 spectators from sun and rain, an awning, or velarium, was extended overhead.

By mechanical contrivances, the arena could be promptly changed from a smooth level plain into a forest scene, or crystal lake; so that aquatic sports, gladiatorial combats, and encounters with wild beasts, alternately took place. Thousands of rare animals, brought from the most distant climes, were slaughtered in the public games.

Oftentimes, to the gore of untamed brutes was added that of human victims, whose life-blood flowed in torrents, to make a "Roman holiday." *Ave Cæsar! morituri te salutant*—(Hail Cæsar! the dying men salute thee)—was the greeting of the wretches doomed to slay each other for the diversion of an imperial despot. In the Capitoline museum is a statue representing a warrior in the agonies of death. Byron's description of it is worth repeating:

"I see before me the gladiator lie;
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death; but conquers agony.
And his drooped head sinks gradually low,
And through his side the last drops ebbing slow,
From the red gash, fall heavy one by one,
Like the first rain of a thunder shower; and now,
The arena swims around him—he is gone—
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the
wretch who won."

A taste for such inhuman bloodshed survived the fall of paganism, and Christianity's mild spirit for a long time strove, in vain, to abolish the heathen practice. At length, a genuine philanthropist, the Egyptian monk Almachus, intrepidly rushed upon the battle-field to separate the combatants. But, in the heat of conflict, merely changing the object of attack, they turned their swords against the unarmed peacemaker, who had to pay the price of a humane interference with his own blood. This heroic act stopped thenceforth the shedding of human blood in the prize ring; for the reigning Emperor Honorius enacted a law against gladiatorial shows for the future.

In the middle ages, owing to the strength of its walls, the Colosseum served as a fortress to rival factions. Later it became a stage for bull-baiting and chivalrous tournaments. Subsequently, portions of the theatre were, in succession, changed into a citadel, a factory, a hospital, a market, a nunnery, and a church. Battering rams, earth-

quakes, fires, and inundations, helped to dislocate and scatter fragments of the tottering pile. In after-years these ruins were a stone quarry for Rome's palatial buildings.

At length, as a barrier to further pillage, the half-ruined Colosseum was consecrated to Faith's heroes, who were martyred within its precincts. This occurred during the jubilee year, 1674. Of faith's champions, who suffered on this spot, not the least illustrious was the venerable Bishop Ignatius, who, from Antioch, was brought hither to satiate the hunger of wild beasts; or, according to his own typical language, "to be ground like wheat by the teeth of lions, to be made the pure bread of Christ."

Additional interest accrued to the arena when Benedict XIV erected Stations of the *Via Crucis*. Large sums were expended by other pontiffs to check the progress of decay, whether caused by the corroding teeth of barbarism or time. Despite the vicissitudes of seven hundred seasons, the Anglo-Saxon prophecy now seems as far from fulfilment as ever:

"While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand.
When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall,
And when Rome falls—the world."

In the arena's hallowed centre may be seen salvation's symbol—a large wooden cross. This trophy is suggestive of much, that, for brevity's sake, must here be omitted. Noteworthy, withal, is a Christian pilgrim's greeting:

"In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wreck of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime."

A moonlight pilgrimage to this sanctuary—"noble wreck in ruinous perfection," leaves an impress on the visitor's mind not easily cancelled. The rays of an unclouded lunar orb spread a mournful silvery tint over the vast circumference:

"In fact the moonbeams shine,
As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
Should be the light, which streams here to illume
This long-explored, but still exhaustless mine
Of contemplation; and the azure gloom
Of an Italian sky, where the deep skies assume
Hues, which have words, and speak to ye of
Heaven,
Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
And shadows forth its glory.
And thus did shine the rolling moon upon
It all and cast a wide and tender light,
Which softened down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful, which still was so;
And making that, which was not, till the place
Became Religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE WONDERS OF LOURDES. Translated from the French of Mgr. De Segur, by Anna T. Sadlier. New York and Montreal: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1874.

This interesting volume is a compilation of detailed accounts of the miracles wrought at the Grotto of Lourdes, the sanctuary of our Immaculate Lady; it also briefly touches upon the history of the shrine, and if read in connection with Henri Lassere's larger and more copious account of the apparition and its results, cannot fail to be most interesting and profitable. The interest of the reader will, no doubt, be heightened by a knowledge of the cause which led to the compilation of this little volume. The distinguished author in opening, thus very touchingly refers to it. "On the 17th of October, 1869, it seemed that my mother was to be snatched from those who loved her, by a terrible attack which, in a few hours, reduced her to the last extremity. A skilful physician candidly warned me of the danger, adding that certain alarming symptoms left him no hope. The distortion of her features, it appears, was frightful, and her pulse had almost ceased to beat.

"After having received the last sacra-

ments with great faith and humility, the dying woman, who was perfectly conscious, remained in the same condition for several hours. 'It will be to-night,' she said to me calmly; 'it will be at sunset.'

"A pious friend of the family, who had come to bid her a last farewell, was inspired to have recourse to Our Lady of Lourdes. This thought was joyfully received by all: by a providential coincidence, the last book which my mother and I had read together, towards the end of our vacation, was precisely Mr. Lassere's beautiful and touching book on the miracle of Lourdes.

"In about two hours, our excellent friend brought us a small flask filled with water from the miraculous grotto; we put some of it on the bandage of ice-water which had been placed on the patient's head, and I made a vow if the Blessed Virgin left us our mother, that I would go and celebrate, in the very Sanctuary of Lourdes, a Mass of thanksgiving.

"A few minutes after the water of Lourdes had touched my mother, she fell into a peaceful sleep, which lasted till the close of day. The sun went down, and she did not die. 'Then, it will undoubtedly be to-morrow morning,' said she to me again, 'unless Our Lady of Lourdes. . . These sort of attacks return almost always at sunrise or sunset.'

"Next morning, the sun rose and the day began without anything occurring. That evening, the next day, and the day following that, it was the same. The actual danger passed away from hour to hour, so much so, that at the end of ten or twelve days she began to be convalescent.

"The doctor, who was a true Christian, watched with mingled joy and astonishment the progress of so unhoped-for a cure. Without wishing to present this cure as a miracle, I cannot help regarding it as a supernatural favor, and as a very great grace, due to Our Lady of Lourdes.

"Full of gratitude, I have then fulfilled my vow. I have had the happiness of venerating that sacred grotto, still balmy with the fragrance of the Mother of God. And as I wished to leave at that blessed shrine a little offering in token of my gratitude and love, I promised Our Lady of Lourdes to collect in a little popular work, within reach of all minds and of all purses, the wonders that the divine mercy has deigned to accomplish in that place.

"It is this little work that I now place at the feet of the Blessed Virgin, in the Grotto of Lourdes, and which I here offer to your piety, my dear reader."

We cordially recommend this excellent book to our readers.

ALICE HARMON. THE MOTHER AND HER DYING SON. New York and Montreal: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1874.

Two stories in one volume, written with a style of unaffected simplicity, which cannot fail to attract even the casual reader. The first-named story also abounds in beautiful descriptions of prominent points of Irish scenery. The plot opens in Ireland, but the scene is shifted to America, in the stirring days of the Rebellion, and the deeds of the gallant "69th" and its heroic colonel are not forgotten. The minor story of the volume is quite touching, but the charm of both is the simple flowing style to which we have already alluded.

THE VESTAL. An Historical Tale of the First Age of the Church. Translated from the Italian, by Madame Anna K De La Grange. New York: P. O'Shea, Publisher. 1874.

Lest any of our readers should imagine that a certain celebrated song-queen of the lyric stage had dropped the music scroll and taken up the pen, we must premise that the translator of this work is *not* the famous artist, that for years delighted the frequenters of the opera and the concert hall with her skilful and dulcet notes, although the similarity of names and the proficiency of the authoress in the musical language of the sunny land of poesy and song, might naturally lead to such a conjecture. *Our* Madame De La Grange can claim reputation only as an authoress, but her claim to high pre-eminence in that line will hardly be disputed by those who have read her *Ferryman of the Tiber*, *The Last Days of Jerusalem*, and similar works.

THE VESTAL is not inferior, but we should judge from a cursory glance over its pages, rather more meritorious in vividness of plot than any of its predecessors. The scene is laid in the reign of the imperial "fly-killer," Domitian. Among the celebrated characters are Domitia Fabiola Cornelia, the ever famous favorite of the novelists, Flavia Domitilla, and it may serve to awaken still more interest in the book, when we state that not the least charming of its chapters is that descriptive of the attempted martyrdom of the venerable St. John the Evangelist.

Our apologies are due to the publisher for our unintentional failure to notice this work sooner.

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